

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 61.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

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Secret History of the Austrian Government and of its Systematic Persecution of Protestants. Compiled from Official Documents by Alfred Michiels. (Chapman & Hall.)

WHAT can be done with the Italian Duchies? Tuscany, Parma, and Modena are all of one mind: they protest against the return of princes related to or dependants on, the House of Austria. All ranks, all classes, all sects, join in a protest against any such insinuation. They lean towards Piedmont—they would accept a Napoleon or welcome a Murat—but they shrink with horror from the idea of again being subjected to an Archduke. The world is puzzled and at a loss to understand the reasons of this obstinacy, which threatens to perpetuate the complications of the year 1859. The problem becomes still more knotty to those who know that the Italians are by no means singular in their idiosyncrasy against Austrian rule. The same desire for national independence, the same hatred of the men and the policy of Vienna, are found in Hungary and Bohemia, in Carinthia and Styria, in the German provinces of the empire, and—more perplexing still—among the citizens of Vienna. We need not evoke distant historical recollections to make good our assertions. Just eleven years since, there were revolutions in Bohemia, in Hungary, in Italy, and in Vienna. All the nationalities of the empire were in arms, and they all demanded their independence. They did not care much for the form of government which might be given to them; they were ready to accept any prince who would take the trouble to build up a throne for their countries; but they all wished to have as little as possible to do with the cabinet of Vienna, and with the reigning family of the Hapsburgs. The same desire still animates the Slavonic, Magyar, and German subjects of Francis Joseph. They all wish to be well rid of him, of his family, of his advisers, and of that peculiar policy which has procured for Austria the plaudits of short-sighted and ignorant men, who consider the great conservative power of Central Europe as the most efficient, the most legitimate, and the most solid bulwark against the anarchical tendencies of the age. But men able to think and compare are struck with something anomalous in these centrifugal tendencies of all the parts of a great empire. They understand that one day—and perhaps soon—Europe may be called upon to devise a remedy for the distemper which consumes the vitals of Austria. There are at least two sick men in Europe, and the Austrian question threatens to become quite as importunate as the Oriental. But, in order to cure—or, if cure be impossible—to alleviate the evil, its causes must be known; and M. Michiels, who has most carefully investigated these causes, has, by his "Secret History of the Austrian Government," established a substantial claim on the gratitude of all thinking men in a public and private station.

A full confession of old sins and follies is not a pleasant thing to make, but the physician must extort it if he would form a correct diagnosis of the malady which shortens the days of his elderly and wicked

patient. The task of M. Michiels was the more difficult, since Austria has no history. Hormayr, the man of all most competent to form an opinion, tells us that the books palmed off on the public as histories of Austria were "written to order." Princes, who governed by cunning and brute force, paid a tribute to virtue by forging for the public fictitious state-papers, cunningly composed for the purpose of deception. No historian was permitted to obtain a sight of the real documents, and the archives were sealed up as a tomb. "The impostures put forth for the last three centuries," says Hormayr, "have become unchangeable, like fossil bones. The public knows nothing else, and is astounded, and even indignant, whenever an attempt is made to correct old-established errors. It strikes them as if truth were altered and events denaturalised through a mania for innovations, and a blind and malicious obstinacy." Mr. Cox, in his "History of the House of Austria," has indeed in many instances rubbed off the tinsel and the gilding, the colours and the chalk which disguise the charnel house of Austrian history; but his work, published in 1807, had not the advantage of the revelations of these latter years. M. Michiels, besides drawing largely on Cardinal Caraffa's "*Germania sacra res Restaurata*," consulted the writings of Hormayr and Vehse, and he derived important information from the publications of some zealous and indiscreet friends of the imperial house of Hapsburg. To this class belongs Hurter, a Swiss mercenary, and some others, who, afraid lest damaging documents might be published, either without commentary or with hostile remarks, chose to print those papers, adding thereto their own remarks and apologies. The result of the author's investigations enforces on him the conviction that the régime against which Italy contends was not invented for her, nor is it at all peculiar to her. All the Austrian provinces have successively or simultaneously been treated with the same blood-thirsty hypocrisy or the same implacable stupidity. "The archives of history offer nothing to resemble it: the madness of the Roman Emperors pales before that of the Hapsburgs."

M. Michiels assures us that the scenes of spoliation and carnage which disgraced the first French Revolution were as nothing, "merely an idyll—a pastoral," compared with the doings of the Austrian Emperors. Passing with a shudder the obese figure and the sinister face of Charles V., that heartless bigot and insatiable glutton, who, in the Netherlands alone, "condemned 30,000 reformers to various punishments, and who buried Protestant women alive," he turns to Ferdinand II., the prince who initiated the Austrian system of government, who propounded its principles, and reduced them into a formula. He shows that that system "has been acted on to the present day, without the slightest modification."

Before the accession of Ferdinand II., the majority of the subjects of Austria were converts to the new faith. Protestantism was the rule—Catholicism the exception. When the Emperor celebrated the Easter festival at Grätz (in 1596), he was almost the only person who communicated according to the Catholic ritual, for the city contained only three other persons of that confession. Five noble families in the duchy of Austria remained faithful to the old creed, seven in Carinthia, and one only in Styria. We have the testimony of Micheli and Montaigne, that

the greatest harmony, the most perfect toleration prevailed among the Catholics and the followers of the various reformers. At the present day the great majority of the Austrians are Catholics. Did Hungarians and Bohemians, Germans and Carinthians gradually see the error of their ways? Was the Protestant form of worship too cold, too bare, too rigorous to satisfy the cravings of their minds, and did they, one by one and two by two, as the Moors in the old Spanish ballad, return to the bosom of the Church which, curious of new things, they had forsaken for a while?

We leave M. Michiels to answer that question.

Immediately after his accession to his hereditary estates, Ferdinand II. published a decree—

"Commanding fathers of families to hear mass in their own parish church, with all their household; to confess and communicate according to the Catholic ritual, and to fulfil all other Catholic ceremonies. They were strictly ordered to fast and abstain at the periods decreed by the Roman doctrine. They were forbidden, as a grave crime, to listen to heretic ministers; to work, buy, or sell on Sundays or fast-days, to read Protestant books, or recite or sing satires on the Papacy. A general proscription fell on all Lutheran ministers. All heterodox schools were to be closed. Private teachers, and all those who aspired to public offices, had to satisfy the local clerical authorities of the purity of their faith. No dissenter could claim the right of citizenship, sit in the municipal council, or hold an office dependant on the commune."

So much for persuasion; but lest gentle measures should work too slow or even fail, the Emperor had recourse to a judicious severity. The world has heard much of the *Dragonnades* of Louis XIV., of that peculiar system of Home Missions in which the controversy was carried on by mounted dragoons who were quartered in the Protestant districts of France. M. Michiels shows that the French King was but a plagiarist, who merely acted upon the precedent established by Ferdinand of Austria:

"Detachments of priests and imperial commissioners were formed, and each had an escort of three hundred soldiers. These bands pounced upon towns and villages, and their clerical chief demanded from the authorities an inventory of the population. A species of tribunal was then got up, round which the soldiers formed a square. The terrified peasants were driven into the centre, and the Imperial converter discoursed on the principles of the Catholic faith, which ended, every one of the audience, called by name, was ordered then and there to abjure his heterodox doctrines. The refractory were punished with fines, sentences of exile, or with flagellation, according to their rank and means. The least hesitation frequently cost two thousand ducats. We need not say that the soldiers were quartered on the refractory, and did not treat them with extreme indulgence."

The Bohemian insurrection, the expulsion of the Emperor's Commissioners, the election to the throne of the Count Palatine Frederick, the campaigns of Matthias of Thurn, and the ruin of the Protestant party, are too well known to require more than a brief notice. It is also notorious that the emperor's authority was vindicated by a number of executions. But it is less known that an amnesty had been published, according to the terms of which, all those who had taken part in the insurrection were guaranteed safety of life and limb, of property, honours, and dignities. At the end of three months, the emperor made his *coup d'état*; forty-eight

eminent persons, noblemen and citizens, were arrested at Prague. Their execution was decided on at Vienna, where the emperor, who hesitated, was hounded on by his confessor, Father Lanormain. None of the captives were tried; they were simply brought up to hear their sentence. We condense the account given by M. Michiels:

"On Sunday the scaffold was erected in the large square of the old town, called the Ring; it rested against the frontage of the Guildhall. It was entirely covered with red cloth. A throne, with a canopy, was put up against the façade for the governor, and chairs for the commissioners and registrars of the court. On the square, a gibbet stretched out its hideous arm, while a window of the town-hall gave direct access to the scaffold.

"A gun was fired at four o'clock in the morning. Several troops of lancers occupied the square and the entrances of the adjoining streets, while a triple row of infantry surrounded the scaffold. Strong detachments, accompanied by artillery, held the centre of the main streets, and patrols of cuirassiers marched about the city during the whole ceremony.

"At five o'clock another gun was fired; the mournful scene was about to commence. The victims embraced, and took leave of each other. The first to appear was Count Schlick. He was a man of fifty-three years of age, of majestic figure and handsome countenance. He walked across the scaffold several times, with a calm and dignified air. At length he knelt down before the fatal block and received the death blow, after which the executioner cut off his right hand. A piece of scarlet cloth had been spread near the block, and as soon as the executioner had finished his task, some masked men wrapped up the Count's remains in it and bore them away. Next came Wenceslaus, of Budowa, a scholar renowned throughout Europe. He was seventy-four years of age. A pardon was offered him, but he smiled contemptuously, saying, 'You have thirsted for my blood so many years, that I would not prevent your satisfying your thirst. I would rather die than see my country die.' General Christopher Policz succeeded him, and after him came Gaspard Kaplitz, who was ninety years of age. On reaching the block he found great difficulty in bending his knees, which were stiffened by age. 'As soon as you see me in the right position,' he said to the executioner, 'strike without delay, for I cannot keep in this painful attitude long.' But the poor old man had placed himself so that he rendered the operation difficult, and the executioner begged him to raise his head. The minister Rosacins, who accompanied him, then said, 'My noble lord, you have commended your soul to God; offer him joyfully this head, whitened by age, and raise it to heaven.' The old man smiled, raised his brow by resting his hands on the block, and the heavy sword crashed through his neck."

We must still more compress the summary of this bloody scene:

"John of Jessen had his tongue pulled out; Wodnyanski and two senators were hanged, and one of the city registrars had his tongue nailed to the gibbet, and kept in that position for two hours. The sons and grandsons of these victims, and of all others who suffered for their faith in other parts of Bohemia, were compelled to wear round their necks a red silk cord, representing the mark of the axe. And while the kingdom was inundated with blood, the Emperor, who had made a pilgrimage to the shrine at Maria Zell, implored the Virgin to enlighten his subjects and intercede for their souls.

"To make sure of this intercession the country population of Bohemia were driven to mass with bull-dogs and hunting-whips. By these and other means, they were compelled to abjure their faith, and to spit and trample on the chalice, the symbol of their faith. Their mouths were forced open with the butts of muskets or iron wedges, in order to thrust in the Host, and make

them communicate with only one element. One of the Catholic nobles entered a church on horseback, rode up to the altar, and poured the sacramental wine down his horse's throat, swearing the animal was an *Utraquist*. Parents had their children torn from them, and martyred before their eyes, in order to tame their resistance and overcome their courage. Many of the Protestant ministers were roasted on coals, or before a brazier, or burnt on a pile made of their own books and manuscripts. Disguised emissaries were sent to the principal markets, with orders to mingle with the crowd, pick up quarrels with the peasants, and get up a riot. The emperor's troops, drawn up close by, rushed on the multitude, struck right and left, and murdered all who were supposed to be twelve years of age. *Omne jugularetur a duodecim annis* were the words of the secret order."

We need not follow M. Michiels into all the disgusting details of this persecution, nor here enlarge on the achievements of Pappenheim, the Claverhouse of the religious war in Germany. A single phrase, an allusion to an historical event which is as familiar as household words to every one of our readers, will give an idea of the sickening horrors of those days. The persecution inaugurated by Ferdinand II. was the prototype of the massacre of St. Bartholomew: it was a St. Bartholomew which lasted thirty years. At its close, the country was a desert—with here and there a ruined town, whose last inhabitants were burning the woodwork of their wretched huts to keep up their fires:

"Whole provinces had become deserts; here a marsh with its legion of reeds, its clouds of insects, and its feverish miasmata had taken the place of the blessed crops, and there a rugged forest had gradually invaded the fields and effaced the road."

Brigandage had attained frightful proportions; exasperated by their wrongs, crowds of men lived by murder and pillage. A famine, which lasted for years, devoured what the fire and sword of the war had spared. The starving population fed on the refuse of the lay-stall, and on corpses from the gibbet; the cemeteries had to be guarded to prevent the digging up of newly buried bodies; bands of famished wretches chased men, killed them like wild beasts, cut them up and boiled them for food. Even the inhabitants of the provinces which had been treated with less cruelty, were so discouraged and despondent, that the single would not marry and the married remained without issue. "It was found necessary to exhort married people from the pulpit not to thwart the intentions of nature." And there is on record a decree of the Diet of Franconia, signed by two archbishops, making marriage compulsory, even for priests, and:

"Art. 3. Any man is allowed to marry two wives; but husbands are advised, and they will often be reminded of it from the pulpit, that if the fate of two persons is entrusted to them, they must in return behave discreetly and prudently, provide for them sufficiently in the first instance, and then take measures to prevent hatred springing up between them."

During and after the war, torture was one of the means most assiduously employed for the salvation of souls. We may here state the view which the Council of Vienna took of the important question: whether a criminal sentenced to death might be tortured to elicit further revelations. The opinion was elicited in the case of Count Schaffgotsch; and it was to the effect that the culprit "is no longer a man, but a slave of the question

(*servus pæne*), an inert corpse (*cadaver mortuum*), and he must be treated as such." This principle established, it need hardly be said that the tortures most affected by the Austrian executioners can boldly challenge those practised by the savages whom Cooper idealised:

"Some were dragged out and lengthened on ladders, expressly made to dislocate the limbs; others had their heads bound with cords or fillets of metal, until their eyes started from their sockets. They were hanged by the hands to gibbets, and enormous weights attached to their feet, while the hangman burned their armpits with wax tapers, or shook over them torches of pitch and resin, which sprinkled them with liquid fire. They were tortured with red-hot pincers, and red-hot steel blades or nails were thrust beneath the nails of their fingers and toes. Antonio Caraffa offered 600 florins to any one who invented a new torture, and one in particular was elicited by his premium. Large wires, at a white heat, were introduced into the natural passages of the body."

Hunting on the track of the atrocities practised by the Austrian emperors, we have picked out the most appalling cases—those instances of fiendish cruelty which, like the hangman's iron, stamp themselves upon, and will for ever burn into, the pages of history. We have in this ghastly hunt changed the *venue* and the time; we have gone from Styria and Carinthia to Moravia and Bohemia, and from Bohemia to Hungary. We have witnessed the system under Ferdinand II. and Ferdinand III., and the outrages we last mentioned—those presided over by Antonio Caraffa—took place under Leopold I. M. Michiels is right! Italy need not complain that the other portions of the empire were chastened with rods, and that the scorpions were reserved for her back; there is in the Austrian governmental system an impartiality of oppressive cruelty which is as detestable as it is astounding. There is also—as part of the system—an artful fiction that the king can do no wrong; that the emperor knows nothing of the sufferings of his subjects; and that whenever he hears of them his natural impulse is to dry the tears of wives and daughters, and to pardon the condemned, who, however, by some strange fatality, are none the better for the imperial grace. During the Caraffa persecution, Leopold I. most condescendingly received all supplicants; and the readiness with which he signed, the liberality with which he distributed free pardons, was most gratifying, and must have convinced his subjects of the extreme goodness of his heart. They had the satisfaction of knowing that their sovereign, at least, was innocent of the blood which was being shed; for it so happened that the objects of Leopold's imperial clemency had suffered the worst and the last before the precious parchment, which granted them life and liberty, could reach the hands of the judges and executioners. This granting of pardons was a grotesque, a hideous, a revolting farce. The trembling woman to whose suit the monarch stooped to listen, whom he raised with paternal kindness, gently chiding her for the frenzy of her grief since that grief betrayed a doubt of his goodness and justice, and whom he dismissed with the boon she asked, signed and sealed, official and important, was always under some pretext detained by the police until a courier had been despatched, ordering the emperor's commissioner to hurry on the execution of the husband or father, brother or lover, for whom she had inter-

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coded. In some cases the petitioners conquered all obstacles, and appeared in Caraffa's presence before he had time to rid himself of their importunities and of his victims. He was then seen to smile; he put the pardon in his pocket, and gave orders for the instant execution of the culprit, exactly as if the petitioners had brought him the death-warrant of their friends. The secret of this strange conduct was at length revealed, when in a fit of drunkenness, impatience, or fury, he showed the emperor's private instructions, which were to the effect that, "Suppliants could not be prevented from appealing to his majesty's pity, but that no attention whatever was to be paid to letters of grace, or counter-orders, entrusted to private persons."

About twenty years since the world was astounded by Silvio Pellico's revelations of the manner in which the Emperor Francis II. — who acted the part of a kind, fatherly, and somewhat dull man — superintended and controlled the sufferings of the political prisoners in the various Austrian fortresses. He encouraged the belief that he of all men was ignorant of the cruel régime enforced by his lieutenants; and yet it was he who, with his own paternal hand, had drawn up the rules and regulations for the various state prisons; he decided on the weight of the chains, and doled out the wretched allowance of food which was to be given to his captives; and every petition for a medical comfort, or an additional article of clothing in case of illness, had to be submitted to, and was decided on, by the Kaiser and King of Austria. At the close of the Hungarian War, when Marshal Haynau presided over the court-martial of Pesth and Arad, the Emperor Francis Joseph sought to throw all the odium of the persecution on his lieutenant. After the chiefs of the insurrection had suffered, he granted pardons to the relatives of many of the captives, and the opinion gained ground that Haynau was the promoter and not the instrument of the massacre. That officer was a ferocious, but not a placidly cruel man; he resented the false position in which his master placed him, and he took a creditable and humorous revenge. "His majesty grants pardons," said he. "I will follow his example, and surpass him in clemency." And he had twenty members of the Hungarian parliament — men whose doom was resolved upon at Vienna — brought up before a court-martial. They were all tried, convicted, and sentenced to death in one forenoon. A few hours afterwards, their pardons were signed by Haynau; they were all set at liberty, and some of them invited to the Marshal's table. The result is notorious. The Emperor Francis Joseph was found out, and Haynau lost his command.

A sort of guilty feeling creeps over us, of having travelled out of the record. A discussion of political systems is foreign to the objects of a journal devoted to literary criticism, and while pleading the nature and the importance of M. Michiels' work for the few additional remarks we have to make, we would beg our readers to understand that the Austrian system, which makes nations "first poor, next weak, and lastly catholic," is not inspired by religious fanaticism — a mad and mistaken zeal for a particular form of worship. Every chapter of the "Secret History of the Austrian Government" shows that the Princes of Hapsburg and the foreign mercenaries who preside in their councils

make Catholicism their tool, and not their object; that monkery and mass are to them but the means for an end, and that a cynical scepticism, a blasphemous contempt of things divine, forms the under-current of that specious hypocrisy which, for three hundred years, has tortured the flesh "for the good of the soul." To quote but one example: the "instructions" issued with the sanction of the authorities, for the selection of the persons who were to act in the religious dramas brought out by the clergy for the amusement and edification of their parishioners:

"To represent God the Father, a tall, upright, vigorous, and well-proportioned man is required, with a tolerably thick grey beard, without any yellow or red marks or gaps, and forming a regular mass round his face — a person, in short, resembling the late Dr. Sextus or the host of the Stork. With reference to Christ, the arranger of the procession must seek, at least a fortnight beforehand, in the churches and streets an individual of the proper height, not too stout, with a healthy complexion, not squinting, with a well-proportioned nose, having all his teeth and an agreeable countenance; not wearing a long grey beard, but on the contrary, having a little chestnut beard or a lighter colour, terminating in two points — in short, presenting no deformity; of good manners, and God fearing. The high priests Melchisedek, Aaron, Annas, Caiphas, &c., must either have long and thick grey beards, or short crisp beards, or two tufts on the chin; their faces will be smeared with grease, their bodies large in proportion, and if they are not stout enough, cushions must be used to swell them out. The two brothers who keep the forge must be sent for from Mittewald, for their size renders them well suited to represent the giants Goliath and Uriah; in addition to the regular pay, they will receive twelve florins as a gratification. The devil vomiting fire will receive half a florin and all the things he requires, such as sulphur, brandy, and cotton. To represent St. George, the handsomest and strongest man in the city will be chosen, because he has to save Margaret, the princess royal, and pierce vigorously the throat of the monster that threatens him; and the blood contained in the large bladders must sprinkle ladies up to the second floor, and cause the spectators to fly in every direction, for that greatly amuses the people."

Well may M. Michiels, at the end of a chapter devoted to an account of these and other doings, entreat his readers to bear in mind that twenty millions of the inhabitants of Germany had been sacrificed to render these grotesque ceremonies and superstitious practices possible among a people once illumined by the light of the Reformation.

To Cuba and Back. By R. H. Dana.
(Smith & Elder.)

This is a book of travels such as we could wish to take up oftener than we do. The majority of travel writers may be divided into two classes: the pert and the ponderous: those who treat earth and heaven like the clown treats a horse-collar, as a thing to grin through; and those who, like Pythagoras, think that the essence and virtue of creation is contained in numbers, and fancy every sheet which they send to the printer is valuable in proportion as it resembles an account book. Mr. Dana, we are happy to say, belongs to neither of these classes. He is thoroughly lively, and easily and unaffectedly graphic. He has given us a variety of pictures of Cuban life which will long linger in our memory, though totally free from the elaborate minuteness and strained effects of the word-painters; while he has introduced in a natural and unpretending

manner a considerable amount of useful and solid information on the social, commercial, and political prospects of the island. As his volume is not a long one we can follow him through his twelve days' visit almost step for step. After a pleasant voyage, which the author describes as pleasantly, he arrived at Cuba on the 18th of February, and the following is his description of the harbour of Havana:

"Before us lie the novel and exciting objects of the night before. The steep Morro, with its tall sentinel lighthouse, and its towers and signal staffs and teeth of guns, is coming out into clear daylight; the red and yellow striped flag of Spain — blood and gold — floats over it. Point after point in the city becomes visible; the blue and white and yellow houses, with their roofs of dull red tiles, the quaint old cathedral towers, and the almost endless lines of fortifications. The masts of the immense shipping rise over the headland, the signal for leave to enter is run up, and we steer in under full head, the morning gun thundering from the Morro, the trumpets braying and drums beating from all the fortifications, the Morro, the Punta, the long Cabaña, the Casa Blanca, and the city walls, while the broad sun is fast rising over this magnificent spectacle.

"What a world of shipping! The masts make a belt of dense forest along the edge of the city, all the ships lying head in to the street, like horses at their mangers; while the vessels at anchor nearly choke up the passage-ways to the deeper bays beyond. There are the red and yellow stripes of decayed Spain; the blue, white, and red — blood to the fingers' end — of La Grande Nation; the Union crosses of the Royal Commonwealth; the stars and stripes of the Great Republic; and a few flags of Holland and Portugal, of the States of Northern Italy, of Brazil, and of the republics of the Spanish Main. We thread our slow and careful way among these, pass under the broadside of a ship-of-the-line, and under the stern of a screw frigate, both bearing the Spanish flag, and cast our anchor in the Regla Bay, by the side of the steamer *Karnac*, which sailed from New York a few days before us."

After landing, of course, comes the hotel, to which he is driven in the carriage peculiar to the island, termed a "volante."

"A pair of very long, limber shafts, at one end of which is a pair of huge wheels, and at the other end a horse with his tail braided and brought forward and tied to the saddle; an open chaise body resting on the shafts, about one-third of the way from the axle to the horse; and on the horse is a negro, in large postilion boots, long spurs, and a bright jacket."

He sees no women walking in the narrow streets except negresses. Soldiers you see in plenty, dressed in linen, with straw hats and red cockades, and civilians all in European, i.e. French, costume, black dresscoats and hats. At first sight you are much puzzled by the appearance of moving pyramids of new-mown grass; presently, however, you discover that some beast of burden is underneath them, of which you see about as much as we do in London of the men in the advertising boxes. Passing by chapels, gardens, convents, billiard-rooms, &c., and the thick dead walls of private houses which have gratings instead of windows looking on the street and gardens at the back, our hero reaches his inn, Le Grand. His first experience of this hostelry reminds us of a little of the Irish hotel of olden times, where the traveller on his arrival used to find the landlord out with the hounds, and the landlady in the parlour talking to the captain:

"Monsieur does not condescend to show a room, even to families; and the servants, who are whites, but mere lads, have all the interior in their charge, and there are no women employed about the chambers. Antonio, a swarthy Spanish

lad, in shirt sleeves, looking very much as if he never washed, has my part of the house in charge, and shows me my room. It has but one window, a door opening upon the veranda, and a brick floor, and is very bare of furniture, and the furniture has long ceased to be strong. A small stand barely holds up a basin and ewer which have not been washed since Antonio was washed, and the bedstead, covered by a canvas sacking, without mattress or bed, looks as if it would hardly bear the weight of a man. It is plain there is a good deal to be learned here. Antonio is communicative, on a suggestion of several days' stay and good pay. Things which we cannot do without we must go out of the house to find, and those which we can do without, we must dispense with. This is odd, and strange, but not uninteresting, and affords scope for contrivance and the exercise of influence and other administrative powers. The Grand Seigneur does not mean to be troubled with anything; so there are no bells, and no office, and no clerks. He is the only source, and if he is approached, he shrugs his shoulders and gives you to understand that you have your chambers for your money and must look to the servants. Antonio starts off on an expedition for a pitcher of water and a towel, with a faint hope of two towels; for each demand involves an expedition to remote parts of the house."

At length, however, our author is rewarded for the patience displayed under these circumstances. Baths are to be had "round the corner;" and after an adjournment to that precious locality, and a leisurely and comfortable toilet, he returns to the hotel to breakfast. This is what he finds:

"The restaurant with cool marble floor, walls twenty-four feet high, open rafters, painted blue, great windows open to the floor and looking into the Paseo, and the floor nearly on a level with the street, a light breeze fanning the thin curtains, the little tables, for two or four, with clean white cloths, each with its pyramid of great red oranges and its fragrant bouquet, the gentlemen in white pantaloons and jackets and white stockings, and the ladies in fly-away muslins, and hair in the sweet neglect of the morning toilet, taking their leisurely breakfasts of fruit and claret, and omelette and Spanish mixed dishes (ollas), and *café noir*. How airy and ethereal it seems! They are birds, not substantial men and women. They eat ambrosia and drink nectar. It must be that they fly and live in nests in the tamarind trees. Who can eat a hot, greasy breakfast of cakes and gravied meats, and in a close room, after this?"

"I can truly say that I ate this morning my first orange; for I had never before eaten one newly gathered which had ripened in the sun hanging on the tree. We call for the usual breakfast, leaving the selection to the waiter; and he brings us fruits, claret, omelette, fish fresh from the sea, rice excellently cooked, fried plantains, a mixed dish of meat and vegetables (olla), and coffee. The fish, I do not remember its name, is boiled, and has the colours of the rainbow as it lies on the plate. Havana is a good fish-market, for it is as open to the ocean as Nahant, or the beach at Newport; its streets running to the blue sea outside the harbour, so that a man may almost throw his line from the curb-stone into the Gulf Stream."

Although writing at an open window, looking out upon a cool green lawn, and meadows beyond, with the leaves of a horse chestnut almost touching our paper, yet we own we utter a wistful sigh at the thoughts of the fruit and the omelettes, and marble floor, and the fly-away muslins, and the wavy drooping hair, and the languishing eyes, no doubt with what Leigh Hunt so well calls "that look of the pillow" about them, which is characteristic of newly risen beauties. Our only female neighbour is a stout elderly cook, who can't make omelettes; and our only fruit, *pace Pomone*,

vegetable marrow, for the strawberries are all gone, and the wall fruit is not yet ripe. However, we believe we are reviewing a book; so back to our harness, after this indecent outbreak of egotism. Dinner is on the same scale as breakfast; and, after dinner, the opera; and so ends his first day in Cuba.

We shall not detain our readers over the town of Havana, or over Mr. Dana's account of its prisons, churches, convents, and hospital. We can promise them something more agreeable—a visit to the interior. The author was anxious to see a plantation, and accordingly procured letters of introduction to a wealthy planter almost in the middle of the island. Again we take his own words:

"I am now to get my first view of the interior of Cuba. I could not have a more favourable day. The air is clear, and not excessively hot. The soft clouds float midway in the serene sky; the sun shines fair and bright, and the luxuriance of a perpetual summer covers the face of nature. These strange palm-trees everywhere! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are like our own, and, though tropical in fact, look to the eye as if they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and so smooth, swathed from the foot in a tight bandage of grey canvas, leaving only its deep green neck, and over that its crest and plumage of deep green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by men. And it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty,—a strange fascination over the eye and the fancy that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten. The palm-tree seems a kind of *lusus nature* to the northern eye—an exotic wherever you meet it. It seems to be conscious of its want of usefulness for food or shade, yet has a dignity of its own, a pride of unmixed blood and royal descent,—the Hidalgo of the soil.

"What are those groves and clusters of small growth, looking like Indian corn in a state of transmigration into trees, the stalk turning into a trunk, a thin soft coating half-changed to bark, and the ears of corn turning into melons? Those are the bananas and plantains, as their bunches of green and yellow fruit plainly enough indicate, when you come nearer. But that sad, weeping tree, its long yellow-green leaves drooping to the ground! What can that be? It has a green fruit like a melon. There it is again, in groves! I interrupt my neighbour's tenth cigarito, to ask him the name of the tree. It is the cocoa! And that soft green melon becomes the hard shell we break with a hammer. Other trees there are in abundance, of various forms and foliage, but they might have grown in New England or New York, so far as the eye can teach us; but the palm, the cocoa, the banana, and plantain are the characteristic trees you could not possibly meet with in any other zone.

"Thickets—jungles, I might call them—abound. It seems as if a bird could hardly get through them; yet they are rich with wild flowers of all forms and colours—the white, the purple, the pink, and the blue. The trees are full of birds of all plumage. There is one like our brilliant oriole. I cannot hear their notes for the clatter of the train. Stone fences, neatly laid up, run across the lands; not of our cold bluish-gray granite, the colour, as a friend once said, of a miser's eye, but of soft, warm brown and russet, and well overgrown with creepers, and fringed with flowers. There are avenues, and here are clumps of the prim orange-tree, with its dense and deep green polished foliage gleaming with golden fruit. Now we come to acres upon acres of the sugar-cane, looking at a distance like fields of overgrown broom-corn. It grows to the height of eight or ten feet, and very thick. An army could be hidden in it. This soil must be deeply and intensely fertile."

The village of Limonar was where his friend's estate was situated; and the railway brought him within a quarter of a mile of the "Hall." "Getting out at the station," says Mr. Dana, and

"Getting a tall negro to shoulder my bag, for a real, I walk to the house. It is an afternoon of exquisite beauty. How can any one have a weather sensation, in such an air as this? There is no current of the slightest chill anywhere, neither is it oppressively hot. The air is serene and pure and light. The sky gives its mild assurance of settled fair weather. All about me is rich verdure, over a gently undulating surface of deeply fertile country, with here and there a high hill in the horizon, and, on one side, a ridge that may be called mountains. There is no sound but that of the birds, and in the next tree they may be counted by hundreds. Wild flowers, of all colours and scents, cover the ground and the thickets. This is the famous red earth, too. The avenue looks as if it had been laid down with pulverised brick, and all the dust on any object you see is red. Now we turn into the straight avenue of orange-trees,—prim, deep-green trees, glittering with golden fruit. Here is the one-story, high-roofed house, with long, high piazzas. There is a high wall, carefully whitewashed, enclosing a square with one gate, looking like a garrisoned spot. That must be the negroes' quarters; for there is a group of little negroes at the gate, looking earnestly at the approaching stranger. Beyond is the sugar-house, and the smoking chimney, and the ox carts, and the field hands. Through the wide, open door of the mansion I see two gentlemen at dinner, an older and a younger,—the head of gray, and the head of black, and two negro women, one serving, and the other swinging her brush to disperse the flies. Two big, deep-mouthed hounds come out and bark; and the younger gentleman looks at us, comes out, and calls off the dogs. My negro stops at the path and touches his hat, waiting permission to go to the piazza with the luggage; for negroes do not go to the house door without previous leave, in strictly-ordered plantations. I deliver my letter, and in a moment am received with such cordial welcome that I am made to feel as if I had conferred a favour by coming out to see them."

He was immediately made to join them at dinner, which was in the Spanish style. He was surprised at the excellence of the attendance, and at the etiquette and dress which he found in the remote country house, at the busiest time of the year, and no ladies present. It would not perhaps have struck an Englishman as quite so odd.

The principal plantations in Cuba now are sugar, whereas they used to be coffee. The result of this change is admirably described by Mr. Dana:

"Coffee must grow under shade. Consequently the coffee estate was, in the first place, a plantation of trees, and by the hundred acres. Economy and taste led the planters, who were chiefly the French refugees from St. Domingo, to select fruit-trees, and trees valuable for their wood, as well as pleasing for their beauty and shade. Under these plantations of trees grew the coffee plant, an evergreen, and almost an ever-flowering plant, with berries of changing hues, which, twice a year, brought its fruit to maturity. That the coffee might be tended and gathered, avenues wide enough for waggons must be carried through the plantations, at frequent intervals. The plantation was, therefore, laid out like a garden, with avenues and footpaths, all under the shade of the finest trees, and the spaces between the avenues were groves of fruit-trees and shade-trees, under which grew, trimmed down to the height of five or six feet, the coffee plant. The labour of the plantation was in tending, picking, drying, and shelling the coffee, and gathering the fresh fruits of trees for use and for the market, and for preserves and sweetmeats, and in raising vegetables and poultry, and rearing sheep and horned cattle

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and horses. It was a beautiful and simple horticulture, on a very large scale. Time was required to perfect this garden—the Cubans call it paradise—of a cafetal; but when matured, it was a cherished home. It required and admitted of no extraordinary mechanical power, or of the application of steam, or of science, beyond the knowledge of soils, of simple culture, and of plants and trees.

It has been discovered and reluctantly acknowledged by the Cubans, that other tropical regions can now beat them in coffee-raising; and this potent fact, coupled with the destruction of many of the "cafetals" by hurricanes in 1843 and 1845, has led to the general substitution of the cane for the coffee plant. But the unpicturesque aspect of a sugar plantation, no less than the noise, trouble, and general "bother" of the manufacture, have led to the desertion of their estates by the majority of planters, and to the growth of many of those evils which are inseparable from absenteeism:

"The slave system loses its patriarchal character. The master is not the head of a great family, its judge, its governor, its physician, its priest, and its father, as the fond dream of the advocates of slavery, and sometimes, doubtless, the reality, made him. Middlemen, in the shape of administradores, stand between the owner and the slaves. The slave is little else than an item of labour raised or bought. The sympathies of common home, common childhood, long and intimate relations and many kind offices, common attachments to house, to land, to dogs, to cattle, to trees, to birds,—the knowledge of births, sicknesses, and deaths, and the duties and sympathies of a common religion,—all those things that may ameliorate the legal relations of the master and slave, and often give to the face of servitude itself precarious but interesting features of beauty and strength,—these they must not look to have."

The routine of country life in Cuba is as follows:

"The course of life at the plantation is after this manner. At six o'clock, the great bell begins the day, and the negroes go to their work. The house servants bring coffee to the family and guests, as they appear or send for it. The master's house is at the door, under the tree, as soon as it is light, and he is off on his tour before the sun rises. The family breakfasts at ten o'clock, and the people—*la gente*, as the technical phrase is for the labourers—breakfast at nine. The breakfast is like that of the cities, with the exception of fish and the variety of meats, and consists of rice, eggs, fried plantains, mixed dishes of vegetables and fowls, other meats rarely, and fruits, with claret or Catalonia and coffee. The time for the siesta or rest is between breakfast and dinner. Dinner hour is three for the family, and two for the people. The dinner does not differ much from the breakfast, except that there is less of fruit and more of meat, and that some preserve is usually eaten as a dessert. Like the breakfast, it ends with coffee. In all manner of preserves the island is rich. The almond, the guava, the cocoa, the soursop, the orange, the lime, and the mamey apple, afford a great variety. After dinner, and before dark, is the time for long drives; and, when the families are on the estates, for visits to neighbours. There is no third meal; but coffee, and sometimes tea, is offered at night. The usual time for bed is as early as ten o'clock, for the day begins early, and the chief out-door works and active recreations must be had before breakfast."

The profits of a sugar plantation are put by Mr. Dana at about 15 per cent. on the outlay. But as the stock-in-trade is liable to such numerous casualties, it is really less than it appears to be. Life in the plantations has, moreover, its dangerous as well as its disagreeable elements:

"The master is a policeman, as well as an

economist and a judge. His revolver and rifle are always loaded. He has his dogs, his trackers and seizers, that lie at his gate, trained to give the alarm when a strange step comes near the house or the quarters, and ready to pursue. His hedges may be broken down, his cane trampled or cut, or still worse, set fire to, goats let into his pastures, his poultry stolen, and sometimes his dogs poisoned. It is a country of little law and order; and what with slavery and free negroes and low whites, violence or fraud are imminent and always formidable."

There are great differences among the slaves, of course; but the *régime* to which they submit is after all one of force, and the best side of the system is studiously exhibited to the northern visitor:

"If persons coming from the North are credulous enough to suppose that they will see chains and stripes and tracks of blood; and if, taking letters to the best class of slave-holders, seeing their way of life, and hearing their dinner-table anecdotes, and the breakfast-table talk of the ladies, they find no outward signs of violence or corruption, they will probably, also, be credulous enough to suppose they have seen the whole of slavery. They do not know that that large plantation, with its smoking chimneys, about which they hear nothing, and which their host does not visit, has passed to the creditors of the late owner, who is a bankrupt, and is in charge of a manager, who is to get all he can from it in the shortest time, and to sell off the slaves as he can, having no interest, moral or pecuniary, in their future. They do not know that that other plantation, belonging to the young man who spends half his time in Havana, is an abode of licentiousness and cruelty. Neither do they know that the tall hounds chained at the kennel of the house they are visiting, are Cuban bloodhounds, trained to track and to seize. They do not know that the barking last night was a pursuit and capture, in which all the white men on the place took part; and that, for the week past, the men of the plantation have been a committee of detective and protective police. They do not know that the ill-looking man who was there yesterday, and whom the ladies did not like, and all treated with ill-disguised aversion, is a professed hunter of slaves. They have never seen or heard of the Sierra del Cristal, the mountain-range at the eastern end of Cuba, inhabited by runaways, where white men hardly dare to go. Nor do they know that those young ladies, when little children, were taken to the city in the time of the insurrection in the Vuelta de Arriba. They have not heard the story of that downcast-looking girl, the now incorrigibly malignant negro, and the lying mayoral. In the cities, they are amused by the flashy dresses, indolence, and good-humour of the slaves, and pleased with the respectfulness of their manners, and hear anecdotes of their attachment to their masters, how they so dote upon slavery that nothing but bad advice can entice them into freedom; and are told, too, of the worse condition of the free blacks. They have not visited the slave-jails, or the whipping-posts in the house outside the walls, where low whites do the flogging of the city house-servants, men and women, at so many reals a head."

On the whole, however, Mr. Dana is of opinion that it will be excessively difficult to find any substitute for slavery; and he has some very sensible observations on this point, which we have not space to quote.

Returning to Havana, we have a bull fight—a total failure; a chapter on the coolies, or Chinese labourers, half slaves and half freemen, imported into Cuba from the Celestial Empire; and a long chapter on the general condition of Cuba, its armaments, education, religion, government, &c., &c. Under the first head it may be interesting to our readers to know that for the defence of an island smaller than Great Britain, Spain maintains an army of nearly

40,000 men, and a fleet of thirty men-of-war. The system of education is better than might have been expected. The religion is the Roman Catholic to the exclusion of every other; but the Church has very little real power in the island. The whole government is in the hands of Spain; no Creole being allowed to do more than fill the merest subordinate offices. There is, of course, some discontent at this. But as Mr. Dana candidly admits that the island is on the whole well governed, perhaps we may consider any change of ownership as a remote event.

The Pasha Papers. (New York: Charles Scribner. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.)

MOHAMMED PASHA, an imaginary Rear-Admiral in the Turkish Navy, visits New York, in January, 1858, attentively observes all that seems notable in American society, and records, in a series of letters to his friend Abel Ben Hassan, at Constantinople, the result of his observations. This very slight and by no means original device affords a clever and earnest Yankee an opportunity of speaking the truth with regard to the manners and morals of his countrymen. The reader who remembers Goldsmith's exquisite "Citizen of the World" and Montesquieu's brilliant "Lettres Persanes," will naturally suspect our American friend of plagiarism. Let us hasten to dispel that suspicion; the "Pasha Papers" are by no means like the writings either of Goldsmith or of Montesquieu. On the contrary, their style is decidedly American; that is to say, it is at once exceedingly verbose and intolerably flippant. The author seems to suffer from a kind of literary St. Vitus's dance. He cannot be still for a moment; he knows nothing of the dignity and strength of composure; round and round he whirls, now uttering wild shrieks which are meant for eloquence, now grinning a ghastly smile, now shedding a tender (though oily) tear, but always dancing, leaping, jumping, or gyrating. His endeavours to be funny are peculiarly distressing. Battered and emaciated old jokes, which have crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic, re-appear in his pages with a clown's "Here we are again!" withered puns, superannuated sarcasms, imbecile innuendoes,—“in his capacious mind he loves them all.”

All this is rather his misfortune than his fault. An American, and therefore necessarily an imitator, he has been very unfortunate in the selection of his models—*voilà tout!* There is much in him which we really like. He has a keen eye, a ready tongue; and we are grievously mistaken he has not also a good heart. From the hideous dollar-worship which degrades so many of his countrymen he is nobly free. He is quite conscious of the indubitable fact, too often forgotten in these days, that government by a mob is simply the most contemptible form of government yet known upon this earth. His reverence for "constitutions" and "institutions" is by no means deep; upon "elective judges" and kindred phenomena, he looks with creditable dislike; and his photographs of the popular American preacher, the popular American politician, may supply matter for profitable reflection to those few Englishmen who are still enamoured of the United States.

Despite its cleverness, the book is one of

the most melancholy which we have read for many a long day. One cannot help feeling a kindly interest in the Americans. They have much of our blood in their veins; they speak a language which bears considerable resemblance to our own; and hence neither their fortune nor their conduct can ever become indifferent to us. If the book before us is a faithful picture; and it is confirmed by too many others to allow us to doubt its truth, we do not hesitate to assert that it is more painful even than Mr. Gladstone's letters on the Neapolitan dungeons; for those letters simply told of merely physical torture inflicted by one solitary tyrant, but *these*, of moral degeneration under the influence of a mob. Mr. John Stuart Mill complains that even Englishmen are growing feeble in their conduct and timid in their speech; that the old, vigorous, truth-seeking, truth-speaking spirit of our fathers waxes ever fainter and fainter among us; but what would he say of America? Our author mourns, with a sorrow that will be respected by all honest men; over the dead-level of mental importance to which his country seems condemned. He paints the "Universal Fanny," fascinating at fifteen, faded at twenty-five, who has nothing to wear and nothing to do. The "Universal Augustus," lean, and long, who devotes the whole energy of his nature to the multiplication of dollars and to the consumption of mint-juleps. The Rev. Mr. Heliotrope is eloquent on the atrocities of Babylon, and silent on the iniquities of South Carolina. The able editor insults his neighbour, gets soundly flogged, and then issues a supplement with the tempting title, "Cow-hided again!" A man fails in business, or panders to the passions of the populace; behold him an elected judge! The doctrine of "manifest destiny" is urged as an excuse for political highway robbery. Worst sign of all, the honest and high-principled American shrinks from politics as he would shrink from the plague-spot. Everything that is lofty and chivalrous in his nature seems imperatively to commend his absence from the "mess meeting" or the "caucus." Let Colonel Tiberius Wellesley Choker contend with the Hon. Jeremiah Z. Rufus Squash as much as he likes, the gently nurtured American will take no part in such a conflict. Who can wonder at his squeamishness, and yet who can deny that it is treason to his country? If the political action of America is ever to become upright and noble, it can only be by the energy of those men who now refuse to share in the turmoils of elections. If her social woes (and they are many, good Radical Reformer!) are ever to be cured, it must be done by those whose learning and whose love alike qualify them for the task. Meanwhile, the American gentlemen stand indolently, disdainfully aloof, and the political adventurer and the philosophical empiric alone bear away. In presence of all these melancholy facts, a young American, clever, generous, and brave, might be better employed than in jesting. Our friend of the "Pasha Papers" is by no means a clever satirist; but he is a clever man, and we thoroughly believe him to be a sincere one. Let him not hope, however, that social sins can ever be remedied by cockney witticisms. When St. George had to kill the Dragon, he cut off its head with his sword; he never dreamt of killing it by sticking little pins in its tail.

The ordinary American exults that his country never had to pass through the trials

and struggles of the Middle Ages; the wiser American will confess that this very fact is his country's chief calamity. Those long feudal ages were a stern school-time, but they taught us much which could never have been taught by gentler means. The memory of them gives something of beauty, something of sanctity, to the old institutions of Europe; there is some reverence for the past, in our people, some gratitude to the mighty men who went before us. Unfortunate America! She started very late in the race, and thus has it come to pass that hitherto she has found no better Joan of Arc than Mrs. Bloomer, no better Godfrey de Bouillon than General Jackson, and no better Peter the Hermit than Joe Smith.

We part in a kindly spirit from the author, against whom the heaviest charge we bring is even this; that having had the ability to write this book, he does not seem to have had the courage to own it. We doubt whether he has any special vocation for satire, but there is one immense service which he, and every man of his stamp, can render to his country. Publicly, fearlessly, steadfastly he may oppose the things which now he merely ridicules. If he should get tarred and feathered for his pains, *tant mieux pour lui*. "*Tant mieux*?" Even so; for he would have a greater right to be proud of tar and feathers earned in such a cause than the best-born baron in Europe of his old escutcheon.

Acadia; or, A Month with the Blue Noses.
By Frederic S. Cozzens. (New York: Derby & Jackson. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.)

It is no news to any one that our Trans-Atlantic brethren, or cousins, or whatever may the correct degree of relationship, have a wonderful knack of turning anything and everything to account. In the old country few authors would be so bold as to present to the literary public—at any rate without an apology—the lucubrations of a sick-bed, or the lazy jottings of a compulsory seaside visit for recruiting purposes. We hardly look for "Dyspeptic Dottings" from the pen of the author of the "Virginians" or for "Chronicles of my Last Bad Cold" from that of Mr. Dickens. But Jonathan is not only a bolder but a "cuter" sort of being. Illness costs dollars, so illness must "realise" somehow, in order to replace the drain, or, horror of horrors! there will have been an investment without a return. So, as we noticed the other day, the veteran author of "Pencilings" turns his convalescence into a book, and here we are treated to another convalescent who follows on the same side. He is careful to let us know that a gastric fever—inherent curse of a land of early "liquorings" and everlasting smoke—started him on an ocean trip for the Bermudas; but the news of some probable irregularities in the means of transit stopped him at Halifax and determined him to exchange his Atlantic voyage for a tour in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the more as it would carry him through the "forest primeval, the murmuring pines, and the hemlocks" known to the world now through the delicious hexameters of the author's fellow-countryman. In the course of this tour he visited Chezzetcook "the largest settlement of the Acadians," as well as settlements of runaway negroes, of Scotch Presbyterians, and of Mic Mac Indians, travelled as far northward as the remains of the once formidable French town

and fortress of Louisbourg, crossed over to the back of the island and of Nova Scotia, returned to Halifax by one end of the Bay of Minas, and left the country by the other, spending a short time among the dykes and valleys of Grand Prè. He thus contrived not only to see nearly all that is worthy of note in a country remarkable for singular physical beauties and capabilities, but to observe specimens of the several races who have from time to time, in the lapse of more than three centuries, settled and re-settled, conquered and re-conquered it so often that the detail makes the memory dizzy.

In criticising any work coming to us from the other side of the Atlantic, we are always and very naturally sensible of a feeling of delicacy akin to what we experience when our cousin at Eton, *etate* 17, sends us up a copy of verses, and solicits our "candid opinion." We don't like to discourage the youngster, and so say all the good-natured things we can within the truth, all the while muttering, however, what Mr. Littimer's eyes kept saying to David Copperfield. "You're very young, sir." So with the work before us; there is plenty of life and vigour, much that is pleasing and almost graceful in the style, especially when the author, getting among the pines, and the moss, and the wayside wild flowers, becomes natural, and makes no attempt to be smart; but then all this is unhappily interlarded with such manifest efforts at something very fine or very funny, and the results resemble so very much the sort of letters which a would-be-fast young lady of eighteen, just emancipated from a third-rate boarding-school, writes from her first foreign tour to her bosom friend in England, that it is with some difficulty we refrain from a sweeping condemnation of the book altogether, which would really be unfair and unjust. The author assures us he knows how to appreciate "the luxurious Greek, the stately Latin," a host of other languages, and finally "good old English." Then, why don't he write it? We protest, in the name of all literary decency against using the English language in writing a book merely to defile and spoil it with Yankeeisms and Hibernicisms, and all sorts of disfigurements. Surely the mission of every writer is to keep his native tongue pure, and hand it on to the next generation as it has been handed down to him by its great guardians. If, however, American writers find themselves unable to express their ideas in our common tongue as it has been preserved for us by our "masters of composition," why let them parody Sir Anthony Absolute's advice to his son, and "get a language of their own." Meanwhile we would ask, are the following expressions and words English? "Just back of the tents;" "a mere sub-thoughted irresponsible exotic in a governmental cold graperly;" "I was told that I would find some difficulty;" "Oh, for a trout-pole and fly;" "Neighbor, harbor, color, vapor, savor, odor." Are booksellers' and print-sellers' shops, book-stores and print-stores anywhere but in the States? Is our pet form of tobacco spelt "Segars" anywhere now but in small tobacconists' shops about Whitechapel; realms where the light of civilisation has not yet penetrated? Would any Anglo-Irish young gentlemen run about the world saying "All serene" every five minutes? and would he on arriving at a bit of heather go very mad over it, declaring that it reminded him of "reels and

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strathspeys?" and, to conclude, what manner of man shall we guess the author to be, when he records for our benefit one of his own speeches to a waiter?—"A glass of ale, Henry, and one cigar—only one—I wish to be solitary."

The book is illustrated with a couple of lithographs, said to be taken from photographs of Acadian peasant women, and intended to illustrate the costume of Evangeline:

"Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue."

But we confess they do not very vividly remind us of the picturesque figures which market-day at Caen or Rouen displays by scores.

On the whole we think we may safely recommend as very pleasant reading all the descriptions of scenery, the historic matter, and so much as describes the impressions made by a quiet English colony on a restless go-ahead Yankee—all the conversational bits may be safely skipped.

Up among the Pandies; or a Year's Service in India. By Lieutenant Vivian Dering Majendie, Royal Artillery. One Volume. (Routledge & Co.)

INDIA is a gigantic thorn which sticks fast in the sides of our statesmen, worrying them to an extent which must be highly prejudicial to their ease and comfort; and each day, instead of bringing hopes and relief, seems rather to increase their perplexity by adding fresh difficulties to those which already surround them. The most formidable difficulty with which they have had to contend, namely, the great mutiny, has, by the application of violent remedies, been successfully combated; but the question with the physician, after he has brought his patient through a dangerous crisis, is how he shall restore strength and tone to the constitution which has been so severely shattered by his necessarily sharp treatment. So the questions for England and England's statesmen with regard to India are, by what means shall she be restored to a healthy condition? How shall we prevent the danger of a relapse? Is the disease of a chronic or only of a temporary nature? How did it originate, and what phases did it assume ere reaching a crisis? Any information that would help us to solve these questions, and to decide upon the future diet and regimen of the patient would be welcome; but this is just the sort of information that persons who write about India withhold from us. We have had books full of stirring adventures, thrilling horror, hairbreadth escapes, hasty and superficial reflections and opinions, written sometimes under the influence of strong feelings of anger and resentment; these may stir our passions and gratify our curiosity, but do not much increase our knowledge of India and its people, or enable us to comprehend the great convulsion which, two years ago, shook to its centre our empire in the East.

Though many of these remarks are applicable to the work now before us, "*Up among the Pandies*," yet in many respects this is a book well worthy of consideration. There is a freshness and piquancy in the style of composition that makes it very pleasant reading, and we are quite inclined to excuse the absence of profound speculations as to the causes of certain effects, when we meet with so many graphic and picturesque descriptions of scenery and character. The rebound in the feelings of all aboard ship at

the termination of the voyage out is well depicted in the following extract:

"Clear the decks for a dance." "Hear, hear!" At it they go—pell-mell; soldiers heated and excited, foot it fealty with sailors tarry and impetuous; stokers, so black that all their other characteristics, moral as well as physical, appear to be hidden behind the sooty veil which enshrouds them, and firemen not less begrimed, thread the mazy dance with an energy worthy of a better cause; mates, stewards, carpenters, all suffering equally from heat and emotion, danced wildly, as though their very lives were at stake, the only disputes that arise being those consequent on some slight difficulty in discerning which is the lady of each couple. 'Old 'ard there, Bill, you ain't the lady.' 'I tell yer I am, Joe.' 'Now then, ma arm, if you please!' 'What a 'urry you're in, yer won't give a poor woman time to get a bit of a quid into 'er mouth,' &c., &c., &c."

The effect of the arrival of a bag of letters on board is also told with great feeling and ability, but our limited space precludes our making more than a passing allusion to it, though we cannot resist the temptation to insert part of the description of the state in which our author found matters on his arrival at Calcutta. He alludes first to the continual recurrence of small panics and night alarms, which kept everybody in a state of feverish excitement, and left the troops little rest night or day:

"But there were sadder signs than these of the fury of the blast, which one met at every step; in the shattered, drooping shrubs which it had stripped of twig and branch—in the sturdy oak, whose every bough had been torn from it, leaving the parent stem all desolate and bare—in the tiny budding blossom, blighted and alone, so young that it knew not its loss, and cried impatiently, from time to time, for the mother whom it was never more to see on earth, and when asked its name, gave the only one it ever heard or knew, 'Mamma's Pet.' (This is related as a fact of a little child who was rescued from the mutineers, whose kindred had all been swept away, and whom no one knew; while he was too young to give any other account of himself than the touching one I have recorded.) These mutely told the tale of woe—told it more eloquently than cold words or the pen of howsoever ready a writer ever could; on the pale, careworn faces, on the deep mourning, on the sad forms—look on these if you would read such lines of bereavement, and suffering, and sorrow, as would melt a heart of stone. Still down country poured this melancholy stream—day by day did fresh mourners arrive—faces more haggard still, more pale and tearful, saddened Calcutta by their presence, preparatory to leaving the land in which they had borne and lost so much, and returning to seek for peace and repose among the calm scenes and pleasant homesteads of old England."

Without indorsing the opinions of Lieutenant Majendie to their full extent, we certainly think that his remarks upon the "humanitarian cant" of "pseudo-philanthropists" represent the common-sense feeling, if we may so term it, of a great many Englishmen:

"With no little astonishment, as we read speeches and leading articles, did we behold the respective positions of Sepoy and Englishman reversed, the former being the martyrs now, the latter the persecutors. . . .

"In fact, we were told that 'Jack Pandey' was not half so bad a fellow after all, and we really had been a little too hard on him, and we should for the future take more into consideration the provocation he had received—the dread the poor fellow so naturally had of having his caste destroyed, the—Pshaw! why repeat these canting sophistries, which really are quite sickening?"

"It is not, perhaps, so difficult to understand how this feeling has arisen in England; the reaction of the first overpowering excitement had

taken place, and from one extreme people fell into the other; but those who had taken part in this war—who had witnessed the devastation and misery caused by these mutineers—who had heard over and over again the terrible tales of the early days of the outbreak, from the lips of eye-witnesses—who had seen their comrades stricken down by the rebel steel, or by the yet more fatal sickness—who looked daily upon the pale inmates of the hospital, and to whom came, day after day, tidings of some loved friend's death—who had seen the dead bodies of their companions cruelly and horribly mutilated—who had witnessed in nearly every village which they marched through fresh evidences of Sepoy brutality, in maimed and disfigured natives whose only crime was their loyalty—who heard one day of a 'dák-runner' being burnt to death, the next of a comrade's grave being defiled, and always by these black-hearted foes; those, I say, who had these reminders constantly present before their eyes, were little inclined to elevate their foes to martyrs, or to smother their feelings of deep and lasting animosity."

Lieutenant Majendie expresses his opinions always in the same manly and straightforward manner, and they are always characterised by the same good sense. Occasionally his strong perception of humour and love of the ridiculous tempts him to exaggerate when giving an account of his personal misadventures, false night alarms, and other untoward events, which are sometimes highly amusing; but if from the cause we have mentioned, he exhibits sometimes an inclination to treat serious matters with levity, yet in going through his book we meet with so many really excellent reflections on passing events, and it displays on the whole so much literary merit, that we feel not the least desire to cavil at small faults.

The Three Gates. In Verse. By Chauncy Hare Townshend. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is certainly a very singular volume. If quantity were allowed to pass for quality, "*The Three Gates*" would assuredly be entitled to be regarded as a great poem. It extends over some twelve thousand lines or so, more or less, and takes up a multitude of topics in a clever way. Mr. Townshend is evidently a man of no inconsiderable talents. He has thought much, and read more; and has read and thought to some purpose. Of this he gives ample evidence in the bulky volume before us; but much reading and much thinking do not necessarily effloresce into poetry. The shaping faculty, though dependent on the thinking faculty, is not to be identified with it. A man may be a great thinker, and yet his thoughts may not take upon them the gorgeous robes of poetry, and soar, and sing.

As Mr. Townshend has chosen to throw his lucubrations into a metrical mould, and has presented himself as a candidate for the poet's crown, he has left us no choice but to measure him by his pretensions, and determine whether he is a poet or not. That he is a clever and accomplished man we do not doubt; but cleverness and accomplishments do not make a man a poet. There is a certain hard, metallic sort of beauty about some of his verses, which testifies to the earnestness of the author, and which bears evidence of his industrious labour, his chiseling, and polishing, but they are altogether wanting in that obedient and abounding joyousness which characterises the creations of the true poet. Nowhere does he afford evidence of a genius which revels in the might of its own power, and flings forth in careless haste, and yet in

shapely loveliness, those "things of beauty" that will never die, but which are "a joy for ever." Everything is so evidently laboured, that all vitality seems wanting. Nothing grows; nothing leaps into joyous life; but everything is hewn with patient labour out of hard granite.

The following is one of the very best poems in the entire volume, and as it affords a good example of what we mean, and is not too long, we quote it entire:

Before I met thee, O my love,
In dreams I felt thy kiss
Upon my lips! and I did prove
An antedated bliss.
When first into the room you came
Appearing to mine eyes,
I knew a vision, long the same,
And did not feel surprise.
As every look of thine did dawn,
I did not thrill or start;
It was but as a veil withdrawn
From something in my heart.
Methought a well-known tender call
In you my soul could trace;
It seem'd to me so natural
One day to see your face.
And, when your voice upon my ear
Its first sweet spell had thrown,
'Twas not the music was so dear
As the familiar tone.
Whate'er was said, whate'er was done
In that first meeting's store,
With the heart's prophecy was one;
I knew it all before!
Part of my life you seem'd to be
In an eternal scope:
A hope accomplish'd beam'd in thee
I had not known was hope.
Calmly my spirit seem'd to melt,
And seal thee for its own;
Others were present; but I felt
As if we were alone!
And the same mystery, you say,
To me your heart did move;
Then can we doubt that both, that day,
Began an endless love?

Now in these verses, so far as the bare execution is concerned, there is very little at which the most captious could take exception. The conception is good; the thoughts are good; the expression is good; there is terseness and piquancy in the phraseology; there is harmony in the versification; there is compression and point in the style; there is a certain happiness of epithet throughout the whole; but where is the poetry, where the life, where the rich indefinable bloom, the throbbings of a strong vitality, the singleness of aim and purpose from first to last, which a true poet would have infused into a poem of this kind? Such compositions as this, clever as they may be, bear the same proportion to poetry as sculpture bears to life. The form may be all but perfect; the polishing may be admirable; the drapery may be well arranged, but the man in marble does not throb and thrill towards human sympathies; does not weep and pray with us; does not love or hate, labour, and be weary, and take rest; and though we may sympathise with the artist and admire his cunning handiwork, we have nothing in common with the cold stone which has come from his chisel. But poetry is not, like sculpture, an expression of form. It deals with human woes and human wants, and touches on the subtle and the sacred in human life, with which the chisel has nothing to do. Gentlemen "of parts" should be warned from the province of poetry. They do, with infinite labour, hew out of the spotless marble a faultless form; but, if they do not bring with them the talisman of genius which will awake the slumbering princess, and bring life to her limbs, palpitations to her heart, and the bloom of beauty to her cheeks, we pass by the stony effigy, if not without admiration, certainly without love.

"The Three Gates" is a very ambitious poem, or rather series of poems. The author endeavours, within its limits, to typify the mysteries of the present world, and he seeks to penetrate into the wonders of the world that is to come. According to ancient fables, there were three rivers which encircled hell. These rivers were coiled within one another: and all the souls that entered a future world were compelled to pass them all, even to gain Elysium. Besides the three rivers, there were also walls, "heaven-high," three in number, which, in concentric circles, gathered round a golden plant, which made every one who touched it immortal and happy. Each of the three walls had one gate, and that gate was difficult to find, only the true being able to see it, while most wandered on the outside for ever seeking it, but in vain. The first gate through which the soul must pass, in its search after truth, is the gate of Sorrow, or, as our author expresses it, "The Mystery of Evil;" the next gate is "Love;" and the third and last gate is the "Law of Love," wherein the mysteries revealed after passing the first gate are explained, and where the wild throbbings of love are reduced to law and order. The author declares that:

He, who shall never
Pass these three Gates of Trouble, Love, and Law,
By energy of his own conscious will,
Which other minds must aid not, is at best
A glittering garment of humanity,
Not the same being, who, when God made man
Of the dust of the ground, and breath'd into his nostrils
The breath of life, became a living soul.

Now, as we have already said, we have not to regard Mr. Townshend either as a scholar or as a philosopher. He lays claim to the name of poet; and what we have to do is to see whether or not his claims can be allowed. It is quite possible for a clever man, who has read much, and thought much, who has acquired a goodly stock of poetic phraseology, and who has practised himself in the art of versification, to write a rhyme in such a manner as to interest his readers, and yet to be no poet after all. But blank verse is a test which no poetaster can bear with impunity. The ring of rhyme is wanting; mere polish fails to charm; epigram and wit will not suffice; and even thoughts, valuable in themselves, are valueless here, unless they clothe themselves in essential poetry. Mr. Townshend, in the second section of his poem, submits himself to this test; and, sooth to say, fares worse than almost any other man of ability, culture, and general accomplishments whose writings we have perused. Here is a conversation purporting to be poetry in blank verse, but which is, in reality, prose of the very blindest sort—upon a par with the twaddle in the *Minerva* press novels:

EDWARD.

Nay, pretty wife,
Surely by this time you must know that poets
Are Fiction's playmates, and make up a whole,
Just as Apelles did construct his Venus,
From shreds call'd here and there, so that their words
Are, like all language, only veils to truth.
Suppose that you yourself are Beatrice,
And I was only making you a secret.
A secret! oh it is the nicest thing
In life!

ALICE.

All very pretty, Edward; but
You did not know me in your childish days
Like that same Beatrice!

EDWARD.

That's shrewdly put
Come! I'll not tell you stories, though my rule
Is always to tell stories when I'm question'd.
There was a Beatrice!

ALICE.

was sure of it!

EDWARD.

But you, who are so clever, and read *Shakespeare*,
Know that all loving hearts have many a love
Before a Juliet; nay, all Juliets
Romeos by dozens, ere they find the true one.
You had yours I am sure!

ALICE.

Fie, Edward

EDWARD.

Ah, you blush!

But to my story! Years and years ago
My Beatrice, whose real name was Anne —

ALICE.

(A name that I detest!)

EDWARD.

Was a sweet child
That I enshrined in my boyish heart,
But who, I dare say, had I married her,
Would have plagued me nicely, for I know she had
A temper of her own.

ALICE.

Had she dark hair?

EDWARD.

Yes, and dark eyebrows, and a curious face
Like one in an old picture.

Is it possible to conceive anything more miserable and trashy than the lines we have printed in italics? And yet this is but a fair specimen of the blank verse of a man who is undoubtedly clever and well informed. Nor are his rhymings always of the best, as the following inanities will show:

The steamboat has a library—

What funny caricatures!

Ah, Alice, bending over them,

How oft my cheek met yours!

The cabin's hot! so up I take

The traps I carried down!

See! yonder lies Geneva!

Oh pretty water-town!

We glide into the harbour;—

What a crowd to see us land!

"We'll put up at the Ecu,

It looks so nice and grand!"

Dear Alice, you remember?

Yes! you know what then I said!

"My little wifey, can it be

A week since we were wed?"

Of the philosophy and theology of this volume we shall say nothing, although we could say much. This much, however, we may say without entering into details. Mr. Townshend preaches no new Evangel. The principles which he seeks to inculcate have been uttered again and again, by speculators, from time immemorial; and have been sung in far loftier measures than any to which he can pretend. Nobody can read this bulky volume without feeling some respect for the ability and high culture of the author; and few, we believe, will be able to read it without some feeling of pity for that ill-starred ambition which led the author to endeavour to place the poet's bays upon his brow. Mr. Townshend may win distinction in the fields of philosophy and general scholarship, but he will never set foot upon Parnassus. He has made a great mistake in supposing himself to be a poet—a mistake which few of his readers are likely to repeat.

*Suggestions as to the Employment of a
Novum Organum Moralium.* By Tresham
Dames Gregg. (H. Baillière.)

The nature and object of this pamphlet is sufficiently explained in its second title, which runs as follows: "Thoughts on the nature of the Differential Calculus, and on the application of its principles to metaphysics, with a view to the attainment of demonstration and certainty in moral, political, and ecclesiastical affairs." In the differential calculus, as Mr. Gregg observes, which is, as to its conclusions, as demonstrative as need be, we only arrive at certainty as to comparisons or relations, or, as they are technically called,

ratios. A similar certainty may, he thinks, be arrived at in metaphysical studies, if we agree to assign symbols to abstract ideas. The result of this process will possibly be somewhat startling to the non-mathematical reader, who may at first sight fail to recognise the married man, living with his sister-in-law as an inmate of his house, in the expression $(l-h)(w+g)(s-a)$, which, being multiplied (if that will help him at all) becomes $swl - svh + sgl - sgh - awl + awh - agl + agh$. Yet, as Mr. Gregg pertinently remarks, this formula is not more unintelligible to him than the following symbols, $r = a(1 + \cos. \theta)$, which nevertheless trace the movement of a point in a complicated but symmetrical figure, with an exactitude that a limner's pencil will fail to reach. We have no desire to be stigmatised as $-ee \frac{dx}{dx} - ee \frac{dy}{dy} - ee$, which, as Mr. Gregg informs us, is the correct expression for a snarling, insolent, ignorant, and self-satisfied critic; especially since "in the second member of the expression, the shallow ignorance and the impudent assumption of such a character are signified, with a degree of certainty that vague considerations on it could never lead to; and upon the whole, his utterly despicable nature is here made plain to the learned with a distinctness that we venture to say would be otherwise unattainable." Still we would venture to make one suggestion with reference to Mr. Gregg's method. In his view, mathematical demonstration is possible in all cases in which the subject matter of our reasoning is *measurable*, whether it has been actually measured or no. But he seems to forget that abstract ideas cannot be said to be measurable in the same manner as a curve or a triangle, since in the former case there is no universal agreement in the meaning which is attached to the idea. Take, for instance, the formulæ by which Mr. Gregg expresses the churches of England and of Rome respectively. The former is designated by the symbol $A\delta x$, A signifying apostolic mission, δ doctrine and discipline, and x the aggregate of its members; while the latter, since its doctrine is false and therefore negative, becomes $-A\delta x$, "an expression which can no more be identical with $A\delta x$ than an owl with a dove, though they have both, as flying in the heavens, as it were a celestial mission." But, from the Romanist point of view, these expressions would be inverted, the Roman Church being expressed by a positive, and the English by a negative symbol, so that mathematical reasoning between a Romanist and a Protestant would be impossible. There are very few abstract ideas which all men would concur in representing by the same formula; whence it surely follows that in but few of such cases would a method of reasoning based on formulæ be applicable. But, though we may be less sanguine than Mr. Gregg as to the results to be attained by his proposed system; though we may doubt whether "the numerical conditions of the intellectual man, scientifically connected with other expressions that we need not refer to, will result in formulæ, numerical in character, which show him quintidactulous, and with the *os sublime et ad sidera vultus*," or whether "additional meannesses and odiousnesses will metamorphose the expressions into those for the nastiest vermin, the spider, and the gad-fly;" still we cannot be insensible to the acuteness and ingenuity which are displayed to no common degree in his extraordinary speculations.

BIBLE PRINTING MONOPOLY.

THE exclusive privilege of printing the authorised version of the Sacred Scriptures, hitherto in the hands of the two Universities and the Queen's printers, expires next year, and already the question has been brought before Parliament whether it shall be renewed or not. As might have been expected, a considerable diversity of opinion exists upon the subject, and it is treated as an economical, as a religious, and as a constitutional question. Those who call the privilege a monopoly, and desire its abolition, remind us that all monopolies tend to enhance the price and restrict the circulation of that which is their subject, and that of all things which we should in this country wish to restrict, the circulation of the Scriptures is the very last. That by confining the right to the university presses and to those of the royal printers we do, in fact, create a Church monopoly, and say to non-conformists, not only must you pay tithes and Church-rates to keep up a worship you disapprove, but you must buy your very bibles in Church-shops or go without them altogether. They observe, moreover, that on things the only cost of which is the manufacture it is unwise to levy any impost, and that to grant a monopoly is equivalent to levying a tax. That there can be no copyright in God's word, and that therefore it is unconstitutional and illegal to prevent any person from multiplying copies of it to any extent that he pleases. These, in one form or another, are the chief arguments against the exclusive privilege of printing the Bible, and it may be well to consider and dispose of these before we turn to the arguments on the other side. The first inquiry, then, is—does the monopoly tend to enhance the price or to restrict the circulation of the Scriptures? If it does, the whole question is answered, the monopoly must be given up at once, and, if necessary, a compensation made to those who hitherto have profited by it. But when we can buy the whole Bible for ninepence, and the New Testament for fourpence, it will be clear at once to any practical printer that the book is sold below what under ordinary circumstances must be the prime cost. We will go so far as to say, and we do not speak without authority, that if we take any Bible printed by those now authorised to produce it and take it to any other printer, no matter whom, he will confess that he could not send forth an equal number at the same price. The theory, therefore, of injury to the circulation falls at once, and so far as we are to stand on that ground, we are called upon not to combat but to support the monopoly. But then we have a right to ask how is this result obtained? How can the syndics of the press at Cambridge and Oxford—how can Mr. Spottiswoode in London, afford to sell Bibles cheaper than Messrs. Longman or any other independent publisher? For two reasons: First, those who print desire not profit to themselves, but circulation to the book. *No profit is made by printing Bibles*. This is quite right as the case stands, but it would not be right in that of an independent publisher: the world would have no right to ask it, and if it did ask, it would assuredly ask in vain. Again, the Bible Society and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge sell their Bibles at an absolute loss, which loss is made up by the subscribers to those admirable bodies. What private printer could stand against competition of this kind? We say nothing

of the tens of thousands which they give away. There is another reason which keeps down the price, *Bibles pay no paper duty*. Now it is on religious grounds that all governments in this country remit the duty in the case of Bibles printed at the authorised presses. Would they be justified in remitting it to private persons who for motives of gain wished to print the Scriptures? No; the answer—and a perfectly fair answer too—would be: If the Bible is to be made, like any other book, an article of commerce, it must share the same burdens as other books, and submit to the same fiscal regulations as other articles of commerce—free trade must help revenue. These considerations make it perfectly clear that the present restrictions do not in any way enhance the price or prevent the circulation of the Scriptures; that, in fact, we owe the cheapness of our Bibles and the scattering of them broad-cast through the country and the colonies to the existing regulations *taken as a whole*. The next inquiry is—Can the question be regarded in a sectarian light? Does the Churchman, in fact, say to the dissenter: You shall buy your Bible at my shop, or go without? This question will receive a sufficient reply in the history of the book itself. Anybody who will take the trouble to read the preface to the authorised version will find that it is an address to that pompous pedant James I., that it delicately designates Queen Elizabeth as the "bright occidental star," and then fulsomely addresses the British Solomon as "the Sun in his strength;" but when the reader has got over these and some other absurdities, he will discern that the translation was made at the expense of government, by the King's command, for the especial purpose of being read in churches, and was executed with that view by bishops and doctors of the Church as by law established. Surely, here is copyright enough; and as "*nullum tempus occurrit regi*," that is, as no right of the crown is to be limited by any particular period, it may fairly enough be held to be a perpetual copyright. In fact, it descends from sovereign to sovereign and from bishop to bishop as a constitutional property held in trust for the benefit of the nation—not to be made the means of pecuniary advantage, but the reverse.

Those who choose to look at the subject in the light of a grievance may right themselves without difficulty. Let them gather an assembly of non-conformist divines, and at their own cost and charges make a new translation. No one will interfere with them; they may print as many as they please, and put the printing into whatever hands they think proper; let them only remember that the Bible in the authorised version is a government book, executed at the national cost, for a specific purpose, and by a particular class of divines. The third objection is already answered by the fact that no profit accrues either to the printers or to the revenue by the sale of Bibles; they are sold either at prime cost or at an absolute loss.

We have also disposed of the copyright question by showing how it *does* exist, how it is perpetuated, and in whom it is vested. But as it may seem to some minds an act of impiety to claim a copyright in God's word, let us point out that the Scriptures in the original tongues may be printed by any one who likes to be at the cost of doing so; that all other translations—save that executed by order of James I.—are without special protection; and unless they come within the

provisions of the Copyright Act, new editions of them may be published by any one disposed to do so.

We have now passed in review the reasons alleged for the abolition of the privilege, and we think we have shown that they are by no means convincing; we shall next show how far the Bible is free for all printers and publishers.

First, they may publish any new translation, or any old one not protected by the Copyright Act. Secondly, they may publish as many editions of the authorised version as they please, provided such editions be accompanied by comments. Let it be understood that Bishop Mant, Dr. Adam Clarke, Matthew Henry, or the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, means to give you his views on Holy Scripture, and the authorised version is at his service, and none will interfere with his use of it; Churchman, Methodist, Independent, or Baptist, each may take his turn, and each will be welcome. Nay, the Messrs. Bagster, who have done great service to the cause of the Scriptures, print the authorised version with only maps and marginal references, everybody thanks them, and neither the Universities nor the Queen's printer call out that their prerogatives are invaded. Pasham went one step further. He printed an edition, now very rare, on elongated paper; he added notes, but so far below the type on each page that they might be cut off in binding, and an edition of the authorised version exhibited without note, or map, or marginal reference. This was a typographical trick; but he was not interfered with, the sale of his edition was not stopped. Not long ago, a well-known physician in London printed a version of the Bible with twenty thousand emendations! The authorised version was the basis of his work, and though it is said to have done him considerable damage in his practice, yet he certainly was never made the subject of government prosecution. If, then, the objector may print with the mere addition of marginal references, with maps and illustrations, with notes and comments, with emendations to the number of twenty thousand, there cannot be much room for complaint.

We must conclude by pointing out the advantages which would be lost by the abolition of the monopoly. We are willing to admit that if government would give up the paper duty on all Bibles by whomsoever published, if printers and publishers would consent to give up all profit, and submit to a competition with those who, on principle, sell at a loss, then the public would be able to get "free trade" Bibles as cheap as they now get the privileged books. But then remains the question: who shall preserve the sacred text from corruption? At present, we know that there are hundreds of sects who differ one from another, and yet all support their various doctrines by the authority of Holy Scripture. We all know what remarkable differences there are between the versions used by Roman Catholics and that used by Protestants in this country. What would be the effect of an Arminian Bible and a Calvinist Bible, an Anglican Bible and a Baptist Bible, a Unitarian Bible and an Independent Bible, all standing on the same foundation, claiming the same authority, and having no standard to which they might be referred? We have no objection to the existence of such versions, and as many more as sects and sectarians may think necessary, but we want still a version authorised by the government, carefully

guarded against the slightest corruption, and placed by government within the reach alike of rich and poor.

All that we say here does not touch the question of a new *authorised* translation, that topic must be discussed on its own grounds; all we contend for is that whether it be a new, or whether it be the old version, care should be taken to preserve the integrity of the text and to keep down the price: these objects are secured by the present machinery, and we do not see how they could be attained if that machinery were abolished.

But, after all, are we combating a shadow? While the government allow the drawback only on those Bibles the genuineness of which they can warrant; while the Bible Society and the Society for Promoting Christian knowledge continue to sell at a loss, and to give away besides,—can any private printer, even if all legislative restriction be removed, make a profit? and will he print Bibles without? The real mischief would be, that zeal for the promotion of particular doctrines would step in, and we should have a large number of spurious Bibles, each assuming to be the authorised version; pecuniary loss would be a secondary consideration, but the faith of multitudes would be unsettled, and there would, ere long, spring up a general distrust of all versions.

To save this, to preserve the text pure, to keep down the price, and to increase the circulation of the Scriptures, we see no better way than to renew the privileges of the Universities and of the Queen's printers.

NEW NOVELS.

Balthazar; or, *Science and Love*. Balzac. (Routledge.)

BALZAC is gradually gaining ground in England; not that he will ever obtain a hold upon English readers, he is too morbid and metaphysical; but it is well that this immense genius, that this one of the few modern planets who revolve round the Shaksperian centre, should be represented in England by reductions from the original French. We say reductions, for the word translation could only be applied to Balzac in an English dress when made by a genius almost as marvellous as the great dead man himself. Mr. Robson, the performer in this instance, is a fair writer, but the very first page of "*Balthazar*," the very first line even, proves that he is not the genius of whom we have spoken. Balzac wrote and re-wrote, especially his opening chapters, to an unprecedented extent, and his wondrous style would defy nine hundred and ninety-nine translators in a thousand. Mr. Robson is not the thousandth. "There exists a house" may be admirable French, but it is barely admissible English; and again, ten lines lower down, Balzac, condemning superficial people, speaks of them as human creatures expecting the flower without seed, the child without gestation. This latter comparison is allowable in France, totally inadmissible in England, and if Mr. Robson urges that he follows Balzac *verbatim*, he stands self-condemned. We don't want the words translated, but the spirit. In short, the man to render Balzac in our language must be a thoroughly constituted Englishman, who reverences Balzac while he marks, pities, and abhors his faults. Perhaps "*Balthazar*" is one of the author's most dramatic and touching works. One wonders at first what can be the intention of describing a house in as many as thirty pages, but as the tale goes on the intention is fully manifest. The house Balzac builds up is the labour of hundreds of years—each panel, each picture has its history in the grand old Flemish family who own it. The house is a record of their noble deeds and honour through ages, and when we find the selfishness of the head of the house bringing all to ruin, the splendour of the house

departing, and beggary threatening, we no longer find the long description too long; and as the pictures and the beautiful old wood carvings are removed from the walls, this great master (probably mad, certainly cruel) touches our heart-strings as he will—we are in his power. Again, the selfishness of Balthazar is no vulgar crime; Balzac was too overflowing with genius to be vulgar in his work. Utterly selfish as this man is, we love and pity him almost as much as we do his wife, whom he ruins and kills, or his daughter upon whom he thrusts the cares of the world long before she is a woman. Balthazar is a citizen-noble, whose patent bears three hundred years of unsullied honour. He and his predecessors have lived in Douai through many changes, through many dynasties, ever pure and upright. Balthazar marries Josephine, who is a type of mind overcoming deformity, for though beautiful she is lame and mis-shapen, and it is characteristic of Balzac that he makes this lady bring her husband diamonds and superb pictures.

Josephine and Balthazar live most happily through many years, when a guest arrives who is sufficiently supernatural. This stranger prompts Balthazar, who in his early days has studied chemistry, to seek for the "Absolute," the one primal element by which he presumes nature to be swayed. It is here the grandeur of the tale begins. The agony of the deserted wife is splendidly set forth. Balthazar has shut himself up in his study with his valet, to whom the diabolical attributes of the visitor are transferred.

The poor woman determines to study chemistry so that she may be near the man she so dearly loves, and the scene in which she confesses these studies is very beautiful. Some exquisite writing also occurs in this part, where the wife follows the emotions of her husband by the variations of his footfall. Indeed, this character of Josephine, with her surroundings, is a fine example of Balzac's unapproachable speciality, his wonderful knowledge of woman's heart and mind. The utter selfishness of the hero is grandly compared with this woman's suffering, and splendid is that scene, where, in spite of the misery she exhibits, the husband, who so cared for her when young, continues eagerly and remorselessly to pour into her ears the story of his hopes:

"His countenance appeared to his wife much more brilliant when animated by the fire of genius than it had been when animated by the fire of love, and she wept while she listened to him. 'I have combined chlorine and azote; I have decomposed several bodies till this time considered simple; I have discovered new metals—as an instance,' said he (seeing his wife weeping), 'I have decomposed tears. Tears contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, mucus, and water.'"

All her hope is useless; gradually but surely the wife dies of a broken heart, strong in her love still, and bequeathing the lost father to their young daughter, Marguerite, another charming character, whose love-scenes with Emmanuel no other writer than Balzac could have written. This author never gives mercy to his characters. Balthazar, the once noble citizen, takes the mortal disease of his wife for a mere indisposition, and when he is called to her death-bed he says he is coming, and has to be called again and again; and yet, through all, so consummate is Balzac's power, we can neither despise nor hate the poor victim to chimerical science. The interest of the romance falls very much after the death of Josephine, possessing our sympathies as she does, and indeed the ultimate severity of the daughter, pure and good as it is, pains the reader; but the truth of Balthazar's character is wondrously sustained. A government appointment, far from the spot of his fruitless labours, is procured for him; he carries his mania with him; when, at the expiration of some years, he returns to his home, he finds it restored, valuable pictures on the wall, the birthplace of his fathers once more perfect. He is left master of this home, for his family are now either married, or fighting for place in the world, and in a short time the loved science has sapped his home, the pictures are gone, the very carvings on the wall sold, and the pure Marguerite comes to find the chemist and his old servant dividing a bit of bread between them in one of the emptied rooms. Soon the last scene

arrives. This Balthazar, who has been so respected in his native town, this man, whose ancestors have lived and died worthily, this poor chemist, whose early life was so completely blessed, is hissed as a sorcerer by the street boys, and is laughed at, and is even stoned. It kills him; and, as he lies dying, the secret comes to him, he cries "Eureka!" and then—he is dead.

The grand fault of this superb work is its ever-present mysticism, the perpetual threat of an evil and active principle. Put this on one side, and the work is nearly perfect; we say nearly, for we cannot see how chemistry could have absorbed the tens upon tens of thousands of pounds which melt before Balthazar's mania, nor can we quite see where the money comes from which ultimately enriches the family; indeed, the perpetual change from riches to poverty is singularly characteristic of Balzac himself. There are some real mental diamonds in this work; take these as instances:

"Of all the seeds confided to the earth, the blood shed by martyrs is that which yields the most prompt harvest."

"Men even appear to have more respect for vice than for genius, for they refuse to do credit to it."

"She waited then for a return of affection, saying to herself every evening, 'It will be to-morrow!' and treating her happiness like an absent person."

"Men, accustomed by their education to conceive everything, do not know how horrible it is for a woman not to be able to understand the thoughts of him she loves."

"Women have presentiments whose justness approaches prodigy."

"Society practises none of the virtues it demands from men, it commits crimes every hour, but it commits them wisely; it prepares bad actions by pleasant, as it degrades the beautiful by ridicule; it laughs at sons who weep for their fathers too much, it anathematizes those who do not weep for them enough; and then it amuses itself in weighing the dead before they are cold. The evening on which Madame Claës died, the friends of that lady threw a few flowers over her grave between two games of whist, and rendered homage to her fine qualities while inquiring whether hearts or spades were trumps. Then, after some lachrymose sentences which are the *ha, he, ho, ho* of collective grief, and which are pronounced with the same intonations, without a morsel more or less feeling, in all the cities of France, and at every hour, each person began to guess at the amount of the succession."

It is impossible to quit this work without an expression of satisfaction at its production.

The Lees of Blendon Hall; an Autobiography. By the Author of "Alice Wentworth," &c., &c. Three volumes. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This professes to be the autobiography of a young lady named Alswitha Lee. In the days of her childhood Alswitha Lee, who was very remarkable for precocity of intellect, became dimly acquainted with an intrigue, in which her mother and a certain Mr. Owen Wyndham were concerned. As soon as this was known she became an object of great dislike to Mr. Wyndham, which dislike was cordially reciprocated on her part; and she was treated by her mother as a dangerous child. To prevent mischief she is kept under strict surveillance, and her brother Godfrey sent to sea. By-and-bye Alswitha's father meets with his death in a strange and mysterious manner, although it turns out eventually that Mr. Owen Wyndham is guilty of his murder. As soon as convenient after this happens, Wyndham becomes Alswitha's step-father. Of course this by no means improves the state of affairs, and the position of Alswitha is now little better than that of a domestic prisoner. Though she shuns the Wyndham family as much as possible, she nevertheless falls in love with Hugh Wyndham, brother of Owen Wyndham her stepfather. On Godfrey's return from sea the crimes of Owen Wyndham and his wife are brought to light, but Wyndham evades justice by destroying himself, and his wife relapses into a state of melancholy torpor, from which she never recovers. Hugh Wyndham is killed in the Crimea, and Alswitha herself, whose constitution has been shattered by a life of continued painful excitement, now wrought up to a climax by the accumulation of misery which besets her, gradually sinks into the vale of death, when all earthly woes are drowned in the ocean of eternity.

The "Lees of Blendon Hall" is well written, and the tale, though somewhat sad and gloomy, is not without interest. Among other things, it teaches the somewhat worn-out lessons, that "murder will out" at last, and that the fiery

passions of our nature, unless strongly curbed by the reins of principle, prudence, and stern self-government, will assuredly lure us into horrid scenes of guilt and misery.

SHORT NOTICES.

Rambles at the Antipodes. A Series of Sketches of Morston Bay, New Zealand, the Murray River, and South Australia, and the Overland Route. This is a very readable little volume indeed, but the author evidently has a high opinion of his own knowlengness and "not-to-be-doneness." His observations of South Australian official salaries suggest to him a variety of cutting remarks upon the Barnacle tribe in England. The eighty-acre sections into which land is there divided remind him of our inequalities of fortune at home; and the cheapness of agricultural produce prompts him to break a lance with the political economists, though what the exact ground of quarrel is we profess we are unable to discover. On board ship, he is a veritable Dowler, and some of his remarks on packet accommodation are so original, and at the same time so good, that although we do not commonly give extracts in this part of our columns, we have found room for the following:

"And the water-closets! This is an unsavoury subject, and I know how deeply you will blush at its introduction into your decent pages. But to my mind, the water-closet is a peculiarly English institution, and one to which the Englishman owes no slight portion of his love of decency and self-respect. No other nation knows anything about it. The impressions of even the Scotchman and Irishman are somewhat vague. Now, the management of this department on board ship has always appeared to me a scandal and a disgrace to the whole race of ship-owners, ship-builders, sea-captains, pursers, stewards, and other sympathisers. There is nothing more wantonly cruel than the taking an unfortunate landsman to sea, converting him into the wretched wreck of a man that sea sickness makes him, and when prostrated both in body and mind, surrounding him with difficulties in the direction alluded to. This convenience ought to be readily accessible, both from position and condition in every part of every ship. The disgraceful negligence of the comfort of a comparatively few cabin passengers, in our case, strongly suggests the misery often inflicted upon crowds of second class and steerage passengers, by the wanton inattention in this respect habitual amongst all connected with our mercantile marine. I confess that I was more angry and disgusted on this account than on any other of those alluded to in the correspondence. If denied the simple luxury of a seat on deck, I fetch up my campaigning rug, and lounge over my novel, supine. If any one interferes with my drinking water, I have a happy aptitude for consoling myself with beer. But negligence in the other respect is a constant and most irritating nuisance, calculated to interfere with health, and destructive of everything like comfort; and our treatment on board this ship was as bad as it well could be."

As the result of practical and painful experience, these remarks are worth quoting. The writer, be it remembered, is a native colonist, and his visit to England described in this volume, his first. In the same original and equally tenacious spirit, the first peculiarity of Great Britain upon which he fastens is *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. And loud denunciations of this unintelligible and indigestible periodical conclude a very amusing but most noisy and grumbling little volume. We should add that it is adorned by some uncommonly spirited illustrations of colonial life from the pencil of Mr. S. T. Gill.

The Laws of Life, with Special Reference to the Physical Education of Girls. By Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D. (Sampson Low.) The authoress of this work, a strong-minded American female, adopts very much the same tone in her advice to young ladies as the Countess D'Ossoli in her book on women. There is an element of coarseness unavoidably running through works of this nature which render them unpalatable to an English audience, but it cannot be denied that the present volume contains a good deal of useful practical advice. More bodily exercise, more fresh air, more meat and drink, would undoubtedly be beneficial to English girls in general; and from all we know of America, we can readily understand that it is doubly desirable there. The book, or rather the theories contained in the book, are worth attention; but we think they had better be left to the agency of private circulation, than propagated by the means of public lectures.

The Flyers of the Hunt. By John Mills. Illustrated by John Leech. (Ward & Lock.) If we can-

not altogether enter into the enthusiasm which the author has thrown into the execution of this volume, or experience that intense relish for his sporting pleasantries, of which perhaps a certain class of readers may be conscious, we can at least say that those parts of the book which are intelligible to ordinary persons are very well done, and the descriptions of "runs" excellent. The illustrations too are very good, and the print, paper, and binding, unexceptionable. We read it through with some degree of amusement and interest, and we dare say it will have many readers who will feel a great deal more of both.

On the Meteorology of Newport, in the Isle of Wight. By John Charlton Bloxam, M.B.M.S. (Ryde: J. Briddon.) There are few methods of investigation which are likely to lead to more important scientific results, than a continuous and accurate observation of all the meteorological phenomena, both ordinary and extraordinary, which occur in any given place during a given time. The volume before us contains the results of such a series of observations made at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, from 1841 to 1856. During these sixteen years Mr. Bloxam devoted himself to the daily observation of the atmospheric temperature and pressure, of the amount of rain, the prevalent direction and force of winds, and the nature and proportion of clouds. Judging from the detailed account which he has given of the manner in which these observations were conducted, they seem to have been performed with great care; and there is no doubt that perfect reliance may be placed in their results. These results are likewise recorded with great minuteness and detail. With a view to presenting them in the most profitable and instructive form, Mr. Bloxam found it necessary to divide the year according to a different system from that employed for general purposes. Taking as the cardinal divisions the hottest thirty days, the coldest thirty days, and the two periods of thirty days each which approach nearest to the mean annual temperature, he divides into two equal portions the interval between each of these four divisions; so that the whole year is divided into twelve sections, each of approximately equal length. Mr. Bloxam has not confined himself to a mere dry record of facts, but has attempted to show by hypotheses how the phenomena which occur contemporaneously are connected together, what they originate from, and what they lead to. So far, however, is he from being rash or hasty in speculation, that he has made the attempt with very considerable diffidence, and even expresses a doubt whether this branch of the investigation might not better have been omitted altogether. We do not think that he need be troubled by any doubts on this point. He has confined his hypotheses strictly within their legitimate limits, and is quite aware of the difference which exists between "using facts to support theories, and using theories to explain facts."

As an example of his ingenuity in this department of investigation, we may refer to the theory by which, at page 98, he attempts to account for some phenomena connected with the directions of winds, by introducing among their causes a third element, the pressure of aqueous vapour in the air, which co-operates with the two well-known influences arising from the heat of the sun and the rotation of the earth. The result of Mr. Bloxam's labours has been, in our opinion, to furnish a valuable contribution to meteorological science; and we trust that his example will be extensively followed, and with the same success.

A Handy Book for Rifle Volunteers. By Capt. W. G. Hartley, Royal Denbigh Rifles. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.) *Rifle Clubs and Volunteer Corps.* By W. H. Russell, *The Times* Special Correspondent. (Routledge.) These two books belong to that class of ephemeral literature which always springs into a sudden and short-lived existence whenever any special subject powerfully agitates the public mind. They are called into being by the excitement concerning measures of self-defence which, at the commencement of the late war, was so universally prevalent throughout

England; and now that the war is over, and the excitement has in a great measure subsided, it must be confessed that they fall somewhat flat. Though the conclusions at which they arrive are substantially the same, the two authors handle their subject in a very different manner. Captain Hartley naturally takes a professional view of the matter, and produces a manual of detailed instructions relating to drill and field practice, which, though possibly useful on parade, is far from being interesting to the general reader. Mr. Russell, on the other hand, though evidently strongly impressed with the weight which his experience in India and the Crimea may be supposed to confer on his opinions on any matters connected with warfare, treats his subject in a much wider and more general manner. The style of his book is perhaps scarcely worthy of the brilliant historian of the Russian war; but it is nevertheless very sufficiently readable. He enters at some length into the question of the amount of resistance which even the most efficient volunteer corps are capable of opposing to regular troops; and concludes, we think with justice, that such forces will prove more available for embarrassing the disembarkation than for arresting the subsequent progress of an invading army. His views respecting the dress and equipment which may be most advantageously adopted by volunteer corps are marked by sound judgment, and are in the main identical with those of Captain Hartley; but we are at a loss to account for the fact that the model rifleman, who forms the frontispiece to the Captain's volume, is equipped in a manner different, in some respects, from that recommended by either gentleman. Mr. Russell insists very strongly and justly on the far inferior efficiency of a mere amateur rifle club as compared to that of a regularly organised corps; though, failing the establishment of the latter, he would welcome the former as better than nothing. Finally, though he deprecates the continual expressions of distrust of our powerful neighbour which are so continually repeated in the columns of our newspapers—and in none more vigorously and persistently than in those of his employer—he energetically warns his countrymen against the danger of imagining that the necessity for continual and earnest measures of self-defence is done away with by the cessation of the Italian war. We are glad of an opportunity to echo and enforce this warning. We should be in a bad way if our immunity from invasion rested on no surer grounds than the good faith of the French Emperor, or the good will of the French people.

Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth. By Michael Scott, Esq. *Observations on the Reports of the Royal Commission of Harbours of Refuge.* By Michael Scott. The former of these pamphlets consists of a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, and an abstract of the discussion which ensued. It treats on a subject of great national importance in a technical manner adapted to the perusal of the scientific engineer. The latter pamphlet is an explanation of the author's opinions as expressed before the Commission of Harbours of Refuge which have been misunderstood and incorrectly stated in their report.

The Natural History of the Tineina. Vol. IV. By H. T. Stainton, assisted by Professor Zeller, J. W. Douglas, and Professor Frey. (Van Voorst.) Mr. Stainton's great work is progressing with as great rapidity as is compatible with the nature of its subject and the mode of its execution. The fourth volume has appeared within a year of its predecessor. It contains the description of twenty-four species of the genus *Coleophora*, or *Case-bearers*, so called from the singular portable habitations in which their larvae are found, the construction of which is one of the most curious processes of insect workmanship. It will require another volume to complete the description of the remaining species of the genus. We do not know to how many volumes the work is designed to extend; but there is little doubt that it will be, when complete, the standard

authority respecting the class of insects of which it treats. Mr. Stainton evidently anticipates its being consulted by entomologists of all nations, for the text is printed in four different languages, English, French, German, and Latin, arranged in parallel columns. The work is accompanied by coloured plates, engraved by Mr. Robinson from drawings by various hands, which are admirably executed, and add greatly to the value of the book.

A New Map of Tasmania. (E. Stanford.) This is the best map of Tasmania hitherto produced. It consists of four sheets, which when joined are 64 inches long by 48 broad, and is drawn to a scale of five miles to the inch, thus affording room for the towns and villages, roads and telegraphs, while giving all the physical characteristics of the land, together with a chart of the coast, including the rise and fall, and rate and set of the tides, positions of rocks, shoals, and shipwrecks, and the character and altitude of the lighthouses and beacons, also the soundings, anchorages, and fair-way entrance to harbours, &c. The map is engraved by Mr. Keith Johnston from original surveys by Mr. James Spent, and will be found well adapted for purposes of reference.

On the Fundamental Doctrine of Latin Syntax. By Simon S. Laurie, M.A. (Thomas Constable & Co.) A very valuable contribution to the science of grammar, at least to that neglected part of it which deals with the real, rather than the formal elements of language, and which is not philological but psychological. As Mr. Laurie remarks:

"Latin, as an expression of thought, has received comparatively little attention. Little has been done towards the discovery of the mental conditions which the forms of the language imply, and which a careful induction and analysis might reveal. Such inquiries are as valuable in their bearings on psychology as they are in relation to the laws of syntax, and can have fallen into comparative disrepute only in consequence of the suspicion which the scientifically trained mind has of investigations in which ingenious hypothesis is too apt to take the place of legitimate induction."—*Preface*, p. iv.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abercrombie (J.), *Culture and Discipline of the Mind*, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Alford (H.), *Greek Testament*, Vol. 1, 4th ed. 8vo. 28s.
Arnold (J. M.), *Scripture Answers to Questions on Ten Commandments*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Beaumont (Dr.), *Choice and Select Sermons*, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Caron (J.), *First French Class-Book*, 12mo. 1s.
Castle Builders; or, *The Deferred Confirmation*, by the Author of "Heir of Redclyffe," 3rd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Charles XII., *History of*, by Voltaire, in French, English Notes by Darty, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Clarence (S.), *Spare Minutes Redeemed*, 16mo. 1s.
Compton (S.), *Life and Times*, by G. J. French, post 8vo. 5s.
Dickens's (C.) *Works*, Library Edition, Little Dorrit, Vol. 2, post 8vo. 6s.
Fenelon's *Telemaque*, English Notes, by De Lille, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Giles's *Key to the Classics*, Horace: *Satires and Epistles*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Giles's *Key to the Classics*, Virgil: *Eneid*, Books 1, 2, 3, and 4, 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Griffith (Major), *Artillerist's Manual*, 8th ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, with French Translation by Dr. Ferriar, 12mo. 3s.
Hardwicke's *Titles of Courtesy*, compiled by E. Walford, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Homer's *Iliad*, Eng. Notes by Rev. T. K. Arnold, 2nd ed. 12mo. 12s.
Howitt (M.), *Marion's Pilgrimage*, and other Poems, square 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Hymns from the Land of Lather, 3rd series, in 1 vol. 16mo. 3s.
Johnson (W.), *Freshfield*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Little Tour in Ireland, illustrated by Leech, sq. 16mo. 10s. 6d.
Love Affairs, by Mrs. Caustic, new ed. 12mo. 1s.
Mackenzie (C.), *Natural History of Quadrupeds and Birds*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Manganell's *Questions*, by Wright and Guy, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Matthews (W.), *The Two Homes*, 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Memories and Resolutions of Adam Grame of Mosgray, new ed. post 8vo. 5s.
Moore (T.), *Popular History of British Ferns*, 3rd ed. square 16mo. 7s. 6d.
Murray's *Handbook for Wiltshire, Dorset, and Somerset*, new ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
My New Picture Book, folio 5s.
Our Farm of Four Acres, 7th ed. 12mo. 2s.
Owen's *Book of Fairs for 1859*, by Donaldson, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Owen's (Mrs.), *Raised to the Peerage*, 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Parkinson (J. C.), *Official Guide to Civil Service of the Crown*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Parlour Library: *The Marrying Man*, 12mo. 2s.
Pearson (J.), *Exposition of the Creed*, by Nicholls, new ed. 8vo. 8s.
Prime (S. J.), *Bible in the Levant*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Read (W.), *Sketches from Dover Castle*, and other Poems, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Shaw (F. G.), *Bernard: a Drama of the Year 1858*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Shilling Book of Beauty, by Cuthbert Bede, new ed. post 8vo. 1s.
Small Beginnings, or, *the Way to Get on*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Stories about Birds and Beasts, illustrated by H. Weir, 3s. 6d.
Trevor (W.), *Catechism on Apostles' Creed*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Watkins, or, *Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*, by S. Bard, 3rd ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Winstanley (Mrs.), *Shifting Scenes of Theatrical Life*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Wilson (J.), *Mechanical Inventor's Guide*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—44,019 persons were admitted during the week ending Friday, August 19.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Dickens has commenced his promised tale in the pages of the *New York Ledger*. Many persons, believing that the story is to be long and important, will regret to learn that it is to run only through two or three numbers of the *New York* king of magazines, and each weekly instalment is but three narrow columns. The sum paid for the little tale is, we are credibly informed, enormous, the purchaser evidently buying rather as a clever Barnum than a sane publisher, all of which is so much the better for Mr. Dickens, who has a perfect right to accept as liberal terms as a publisher will offer. It is our own impression that the little tale is merely a "feeler" to question the power of the Copyright Act; and we are the more confirmed in this belief by a *Ledger* foot-note, which runs—

"This is the first and only story that Mr. Dickens has ever written for an American publication. It is but a short one, and will be completed in two or three numbers of the *Ledger*. We expect to have the pleasure of giving our readers a much longer one by-and-by."

To us it still appears clear as day, that though an English author first publishes a work in America, and receives money for its publication from an American publisher, he retains his copyright in this country as certainly as though the work were published for him in England by an English firm. Doubtless this little tale will be pirated here at home, when the question will necessarily be raised. And another circumstance in connection with the publication of Mr. Dickens's tale is this: that as the American publisher cannot purchase an English copyright so as to prevent American piracy, inasmuch as there is no International Copyright Act, he can have no power to arrest a reproduction of the tale within the very shadow of his own printing office! Hence we arrive at these conclusions—that Mr. Dickens has been paid a large sum for a tale which is perfectly inaccessible to the English public, and which Mr. Dickens can publish at home as a perfectly new tale; that the American publisher has paid a large sum for the permission to publish a tale a full week before anybody else in America; and lastly, that Mr. Dickens by this publication may become the blessed means of promoting an International Copyright Act between England and the States, for if the American publisher finds that the original and exclusive publication of English tales is of great value to him (and we need not say that the sale of cheap literature in America is necessarily in advance of our own), he and his brother publishers will find it more to their interest to achieve an international act of honesty than to shuffle on in the present style—pilfering on all sides and from each other, to the detriment of literary men in England, and in America also. Mr. Dickens's tale will also disappoint those who expected that, in writing for the Americans, he would resume his original style. The tale, "Hunted Down," is the reminiscence of an Assurance clerk, and turns upon a plausible gentleman, whose face tells his real character. Mr. Dickens says:

"There is nothing truer than physiognomy, taken in connection with manner. The art of reading that book of which Eternal Wisdom obliges every human creature to present his or her own page with the individual character written on it, is a difficult one, perhaps, and is little studied. It may require some natural aptitude, and it must require (for everything does) some patience and some pains."

Farther on he continues:

"I confess, for my part, that I have been taken in, over and over and over again. I have been taken in by acquaintances, and I have been taken in (of course) by friends; far oftener by friends than by any other class of persons. How came I to be so deceived? Had I quite misread their faces?"

"No. Believe me, my first impression of those people, founded on face and manner alone, was invariably true. My mistake was, in suffering them to come nearer to me and explain themselves away."

Here is the sketch of the hero:

"He had come in, without my observing it, and had put his hat and umbrella on the broad counter, and was bending over it to take some papers from one of the clerks. He was about forty or so, dark, exceedingly well dressed in black—being in mourning, and the hand he extended with a polite air had a particularly well-fitting, black kid glove upon it. His hair, which was elaborately brushed and oiled, was parted straight up the middle;"

and he presented this parting to the clerk, exactly (to my thinking) as if he had said, in so many words: "You must take me, if you please, my friend, just as I show myself. Come straight up here, follow the gravel path, keep off the grass, I allow no trespassing."
"I conceived a very great aversion to that man the moment I thus saw him."

The narrator meets this gentleman at a dinner.
"As he talked and talked—but really not too much, for the rest of us seemed to force it upon him—I became quite angry with myself. I took his face to pieces in my mind, like a watch, and examined it in detail. I could not say much against any of his features separately; I could say even less against them when they were put together. 'Then is it not monstrous,' I asked myself, 'just because a man happens to part his hair straight up to the middle of his head, I should permit myself to suspect, and even to detest, him?'"

We hear that the engagement of Mr. Dickens has greatly increased the circulation of even this tremendous American gun of cheap literature.

Mr. Thackeray's monthly, to be published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, is, we believe, to be as high in price as character. We believe we are expressing a general wish when we add that it would be infinitely more desirable to read Mr. Thackeray's periodical once a week than once a month—men and women in these rapid days begin to despise such tedious publications as monthlies claim to be. They belong to the age of antique nurses and must pass away.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are about to produce, as our readers doubtless know, a new monthly under the strong guidance of Mr. Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." We trust, however, that muscular Christianity alone will not be the order of the magazine; raging torrents and tremendous bluffs are fine things, but there is also something delightful in a quiet stream and a flat field.

We have not had enough of the "Adam Bede" mystery, and here is some more news on that much-discussed subject. However, we shall not follow a certain example and get angry over the matter, for whether the author be found or not, the work will still continue a novel of the very highest and most valuable class. The latest news has been published by a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, who asserts that the authorship of "Adam Bede" is no longer a secret. The author of this novel is said to be Miss Evans, known also as the author of several thoughtful articles in the *Westminster Review*. If any masculine revision has been exercised on "Adam Bede," it must be attributed to Mr. G. H. Lewes, author of a "Biographical History of Philosophy," and well known in the literary world. We may add that it was rumoured some time since that the MS. reached the publishers through Mr. Lewes.

The arrangements for the meeting of the British Association in Aberdeen next month are fast reaching completion. The New Music Hall, in which the principal of the Association's meetings will be held, is now ready for the seating, and presents a very fine appearance. The proceedings will be commenced by his Royal Highness the Prince Consort delivering an address in the new hall on the evening of Wednesday, the 14th of September. In prospect of the visit of the Prince, the Town Council of the city, at a special meeting on Thursday, unanimously agreed to the following resolution, proposed by the Lord Provost:—"That the Town Council regard with the highest satisfaction the prospect of the approaching visit of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort to Aberdeen, for the purpose of presiding at the meeting of the British Association. That the Town Council desire to embrace this occasion to offer to his Royal Highness a most respectful request that he will be pleased to honour the corporation with his presence at a banquet in the Town Hall, in order to afford them the opportunity of expressing the feelings of respect and esteem with which his character, conduct, and public services are regarded by the community, and their appreciation of the important purpose of his present visit."

A movement is at present in progress, under the auspices of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, for the establishment of a memorial to the memory of the late Mr. Jacob Bell. Mr. Bell had been president of the society, and his

labours for promoting the advancement of pharmaceutical knowledge and furthering the interests of its members are well known.

The British Archaeological Association will hold its annual meeting this year at Newbury, from the 12th of September to the 17th inclusive. The Earl of Caernarvon is expected to preside.

A singular tale is now going the round of the papers to the effect that an aged German, a native of Saxony, has cured hydrophobia for many years, and is unwilling to sink into the grave and carry the secret with him. The mystery is solved in two words—"hydrochloric acid." This preparation, the paragraph asserts, applied to the extent of several drops on the wound destroys the poison contained in the saliva.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are about to publish a "British Index to Current Literature," which will be continued quarterly. When we consider the infinite trouble country booksellers have in making up their orders, owing to the multiplicity of catalogues which incumber their operations, we believe the trade would think no price too high for a catalogue which would obviate a vast quantity of trouble, and we are willing to believe that Messrs. Low's proposed work will be as correct as booksellers can reasonably suppose. The subscription is to be only 4s. a year.

MR. ALDERMAN CARTER.—We are now near the end of August, the first day of September is at no great distance, October has only thirty-one days, and when November comes, the Prince of Wales will be of age, a new Lord Mayor will sit on the civic throne, and things will be looking towards a change east of Temple Bar. In the meantime, a bill to revolutionise the city has been introduced, and when Lord Mayor Carter shall yield up the sceptre of office to a new Chief Magistrate, it may perhaps be the commencement of a new dynasty. Meantime, a few words as to the alderman next in succession to the Mayoralty may not be unacceptable. John, the second son of William and Mary Mascall Carter, was born A.D. 1804, in Southwark, where his family have been located for nearly 200 years. His father died, greatly esteemed and respected, at the early age of forty-five years, leaving a young family of seven children, of which the Alderman is the only one remaining. Inheriting from his father a small freehold property, his education was carefully considered, and, in due time, a cadetship was obtained for him, and he looked towards India as his future field of enterprise. His elder brother dying, he was however induced to renounce his military aspirations, and was apprenticed to a skilful workman in Clerkenwell, to learn the truly scientific art of chronometer making. He was bound to the Clockmakers' Company, of which, in due time, he became Master, and still remains on the Court. How he prospered, and how he deserved to prosper, let the events tell. He realised some, at least, of the best and richest rewards which are allotted to man here below. He married, in 1837, Amelia Louisa Wastell, granddaughter and co-heiress of Sir Jonathan Miles, who served the office of Sheriff of London in 1806. It is a somewhat singular coincidence, that, whereas Sir Jonathan Miles was present, as Sheriff of London and Middlesex, at the funeral of Lord Nelson, his grandson by marriage, Ald. Carter, took a part in the same capacity in the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. Mr. Carter sought for scientific distinctions. His chronometers were the most generally acceptable in the Royal navy. The Astronomer Royal confirmed the verdict of naval officers, and the Government has awarded to him several large monetary prizes for the superior excellence of his instruments. There was one among the learned societies of London which had peculiarly the right to recognise such services in the cause of science, and Mr. Carter was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. In the meantime, Mr. Carter was before the eyes of his fellow-citizens; he became Common Councilman of his Ward (Cornhill) in 1840, and served the Ward well and faithfully on all occasions. He was elected Alderman in 1851, and the election

was accepted as one of the most agreeable to the Ward in general that could have been made. It was represented by a man of courtesy and science and education; and if the same were not the case with every Ward in London, they had clearly only themselves to thank for it. He duly served the office of Sheriff in the year 1852, and his shrievalty was marked by a splendid but judicious and discriminating hospitality. His colleague in the shrievalty was A. A. Croll, Esq. It was during this year of office that the Alderman was elected, without a dissentient voice, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. As a magistrate, Alderman Carter has been distinguished by his utter disregard of all considerations, save those of simple justice. An examination of the police reports, and of the proceedings of the Court of Aldermen, will amply satisfy the most sceptical on this point; while his real and unprejudiced devotion to the interests of the City has secured for him the esteem of those members of the Corporation who have acted with him. We may look forward to his occupation of the office of Mayor with anticipation of much benefit at once to the civic and the general interests of the metropolis. One thing is quite certain, that the hospitalities of the Mansion House will be, in a more than usual proportion, extended to the scientific, the literary, and the artistic world during his mayoralty. As an enlightened man himself, his patronage will not be wanting to the great cause of education, and the old series of Lord Mayors—should our prognostications be correct—may perhaps culminate, as well as terminate, in Alderman Carter. There is reason to believe that he will receive some public token of royal favour, to which it would be improper to allude more particularly here. Should this be the case, there will be a peculiar propriety in the last recipient of honours venerable for their antiquity, and respectable for the number of illustrious men who have borne them, being thus distinguished. Alderman Carter is descended from a family which, in the fourteenth century, was connected with one of the great conventual establishments of the country; and the county of Northampton is that in which we first find them occupying a place in the roll of landowners.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.—A philanthropist writing to a daily contemporary, remarks that children and women are pushed from the water fountains established in the metropolis, while strong men handle the water-cups, and he proposes that each fountain should be railed so as to allow one side as an entrance, and the other as an exit. This would never do. The mere fact of being railed off to take his turn would violate the English workman's idea of English liberty. To us it is a matter of satisfaction that "strong men" have taken to the water fountains, and the best remedy that we can offer to alleviate the woes of the children and women is a multiplicity of fountains; they cost little, do much good, and even poetise the smoky London streets in which they sparkle.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—The enclosed list of Roman copper coins found in Yorkshire, cannot fail to be interesting to numismatists and antiquaries everywhere; and, as such, I shall be obliged by your putting the following account on record.

They were found in a field along with, or partly in, a rude earthen vessel, and were covered with a most obstinate coating, which I had a deal of trouble to remove.

LIST OF ROMAN COPPER COINS, RECENTLY FOUND AT COWLAND, NEAR SLEDMORE, YORKSHIRE.		
Gallienus, died 268	2
Victorinus	1
Claudius Gothicus	1
Helena, St., 1st Wife of Constantius Chlorus, and Mother of Constantine the Great:		
"Pax Publica" type	421
Cross in Field	9
		430
Theodora, 2nd Wife of Constantius Chlorus:		
"Pietas Romana" type, Empress suckling one child	319
Cross in Field	3
		322
Licinius Senior	4

Constantine the Great:	
Common types	314
With Labarum and Monogram of Christ	48
Crispus, Son of Constantine Great	362
Popilius Romanus	4
Urbs Roma:	
Common types	247
Head of Rome to the right	1
rev. Two soldiers, "Gloria Exercitus"	7
Cross over wolf	1
N above wolf	2
Monogram of Christ between stars above wolf	1
Monogram of Christ instead of right star above wolf	1
Constantinopolis:	
Common types	290
rev. Wolf and twins	1
rev. Victory and monogram of Christ	7
rev. Two soldiers and standards	2
Delmatius:	
Common types	25
With Labarum and Monogram of Christ	4
Constantinus II.:	
Common types	828
rev. Two Soldiers with Labarum and Monogram of Christ	11
Constantians:	
Common types, principally small	2009
Monogram of Christ in field behind Victory	1
rev. Two Soldiers with Labarum and Monogram	8
Constantius II.:	
Common types of the three sizes	2407
Small brass Monogram in field behind Victory	1
rev. Labarum and Monogram	19
rev. Emp. in Galley with Labarum	69
rev. Large Monogram, and Alpha and Omega	116
rev. Emp. holding Labarum	10
Magnentius:	
Common types of the three sizes	416
rev. Two Victories with Votive Shield—above it the Monogram	17
rev. Large Monogram, and Alpha and Omega	355
Decentius:	
Common types	27
rev. Monogram over Votive Shield	6
rev. Large Monogram, and Alpha and Omega	75
Constantius Gallus:	
Small size	39
Large size	81
Helena Juliani	1
1 Incuse and 5 reading Constantians	6
Various unimportant omitted	22
Poor Coins—barbarous and past cleaning	926
Total	9256

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
PETER WHELAN, Numismatist, &c.
407, Strand, Aug. 22, 1859.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 24.

WELL, we need hardly complain of the dullness or prosaicism of this the nineteenth century, or even of our own particular decade, for here we have events that would be better suited to the middle ages than to ours of telegraph and steam. Whilst emperors and kings are doing battle and falling out, like old Homer's own Greeks, amongst themselves, here are doughty warriors possessed of every dignity that can be won on the field or in the councils of the realm who are preparing to enter the lists after the fashion of our friends, Bois Guilbert, the Templar, or Sir Kenneth of Scotland! Marshals Niel and Canrobert are "exchanging cards," and occupying the world out of doors with a duel which as yet has been prevented.

The accounts given by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, and by the Russian journal, *Le Nord*, is not quite the correct one; it is not now that the first notion of the "single combat" was entertained, it was at Solferino, and the circumstances were the following: Just before the engagement, Marshal Niel, who was then merely a general of division, remarked to Canrobert—his superior in rank, and inferior in everything beside—that he would counsel him to make such and such movements, adding: "if I had at my disposal the forces you are commanding, I would take half the Austrian army prisoners!" This,

though at the time said in a friendly tone, displeased Canrobert, and he replied that he "had no advice to take from a general of division." The battle was fought, and Canrobert's division was nowhere, and a great deal might have been achieved had any one been able to lay their hands upon this same *corps d'armée* which was wanting, and which, from the army, has obtained the universal nickname of *la Providence des familles*, from the care it is supposed to have had taken of it. An immediate result, however, of all this was the bitterest blame thrown upon Canrobert by Niel, who was by this time raised to the Marshalship. This came to the ears of Canrobert, and a duel was determined on. The Emperor then stepped in, and the commands of the "king of kings" (as I presume he would choose to be styled), were laid upon the would-be combatants, and all appeal to a *Jugement de Dieu* was forbidden. The affair ended ostensibly with the note in the *Moniteur*, in which a *brevet* of good conduct was awarded to Canrobert, and the whole business was thought to be set at rest. Such is the silence and darkness in which, notwithstanding Louis Napoleon's "liberal acts," people live in this country, that the old story of St. Arnaud and Cornemuse, which I related to you a short time back, is going through a new edition, and there are persons here at this present moment who are perfectly convinced that the two warriors in question have fought a most fearful fight, and that if neither is killed (at first they would have it both were), both are severely wounded at the least. But the real *bond fide* foundation of the story is what I have given you.

It is advisable, it strikes me, that we in England should watch the persistent way in which, everywhere, and upon all occasions, an undercurrent of dislike is kept up against us here. No opportunity, however slight, is allowed to slip, and no means of attack, however small, is disdained. The official departmental press, that which is under the direct control of the préfets and governmental authorities, is instructed to keep up a regular never-failing stream of abuse; and above all, loses no occasion of accusing us of "wanting to profit by France's pre-occupations, in-doors and out of doors, in order to play her no end of tricks." When it comes to the point, it is of course rather difficult to show how "perfidious Albion" has been guilty of all the misdemeanours laid to her charge; but, the usual way out of the scrape is, to discover some very deep and wicked game of ours out in "the East." We are convicted of scheming against the Isthmus of Suez plan, for the ulterior purpose of wresting Egypt from the Pacha, and appropriating the protectorate to ourselves. This, although worn threadbare, is nevertheless a respectable and useful invention, as times go; and it seems to serve the purpose of those who spread it about, for the French newspaper-reading public (especially that of the provinces) is seemingly never tired of commenting upon the dangers with which France is threatened by the "encroaching spirit" of England. But this is the serious mode of making us hateful: now, there are lighter ones, that tell perhaps even more particularly with so susceptible and uninquiring a race as the French; for, whatever you present to them as truth, when it accords with their dislike of the hour, they will accept and hug to their hearts. That which was the great end and aim of caricaturing in 1815, when the nation that had rescued France from her hard usurper's sway was the nation to be turned into ridicule—that which passed in 1815 is, in a small way, passing now. It is sought to make us ridiculous. This is not so easy, of course, as it was five-and-forty years ago, in the absence of railroads and telegraphs. Still, it is even now but too easy, for the immense mass of what we should call the middle-classes of this country never went beyond a pleasure trip into some one of their own provinces, and it is no hard matter to make them credit any statement concerning John Bull. I do think, notwithstanding, that it is difficult to conceive a whole middle-class society in civilised Europe swallowing the kind of fables that I have latterly seen arranged and published here in Paris,

with a view to render the descendants of the "Milord Anglais" of other times either odious or absurd. One of the most curious of the specimens of this sort of literature that I have seen for a very long time, is a sketch in the *Figaro* of last Sunday, entitled "Lord Seymour," and purporting to be a true and faithful biography of that "late lamented" nobleman.

Let alone the questionable delicacy and taste of "cutting up" a dead man before the earth over his head has well had the time to grow firm, there might be supposed to be some obligation to tell at least a part of the "truth," which witnesses swear to tell exclusively, about a man whom the majority of both French and English society has lived familiarly with for the last half-century. But no! the Parisian *chroniqueur*, upon the, I believe, universally-admitted French principle, that it is cleverer to tell a lie than to speak the truth, sets out resolved to invent to the utmost of his powers; and he offers his readers a portrait of the man he has undertaken to paint, in which certainly no Englishman would recognise the very eccentric (but still quite English) brother of Lord Hertford. Amongst other new and interesting details, the readers of the *Figaro* are gratified with an account of how the late lord left his money, "settling it all on his eldest son," saith the narrator, "to the detriment of his younger one, whom he disinherits!" Feeling vaguely, perhaps, that there was something here that had to be set right, M. D'Ivoi, the chronicler of the *Figaro*, goes on, not to state what the natural position of an English "eldest son" is, but to qualify his former wonderful statement by these words: "When I say Lord Hertford disinherited his second son, I mean that he left him one shilling (*un shelling*!) the English laws only allowing of this mode of leaving your own child destitute."

Whenever one does come across any of these extraordinary documents, in which, by dint of partly deliberate, partly ignorant perversion of fact, we English are made out to be such thoroughly nondescript animals, one really almost ceases to wonder at the small amount of sympathy evinced for us in continental countries, where more or less the lucubrations of French Bohemians are accepted as containing some foreshadowing of truth. "Wonderful people! wonderful houses! all by wheels! all by steam!" as that inimitable *Pasha in Eöthen* exclaims; and thus we do at length get to appear to the visions of our European neighbours a horde of boisterous, carnivorous, material, selfish vagrants on the face of the earth; repudiating our own dear little island, on account of "fog, damp, income-tax, Thames pestilence," and the Lord knows what other dreadful evils. And all this we allow to be said against us quietly, for the most part of the time without knowing it even. But it goes on; and it altogether ends by doing its work.

John Bull continues to come over here with his wife and daughters (not quite so much as he used to do); and while he is admiring everything he sees, he is being made ridiculous and hateful behind his back. He and his dine at *cafés*, go to the Château des Fleurs, laugh at plays, which, if they understood, they would not even repeat their names; and, while they are doing all this, the popular excitement against "perfidious Albion" is being more and more got up here, and one fine day Mr. Bull will wake and find the French "revengeing themselves for all he has been trying to do against France."

SCIENTIFIC.

ELECTRICITY.—In front of the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, there exists an open space upon which the Opera-house formerly stood, where the Duke de Berri was assassinated. The place is ornamented with a bronze fountain, which has just been coated with copper by the electrotyping process. The operation was carried on in a workshop built for the purpose at the neighbouring village of Auteuil. About six weeks ago the upper basin, from which the water

flows through sixteen tigers' mouths, was in the bath of sulphate of copper when a violent thunder-storm burst over Paris, and the lightning fell close to the workshop in question. Immediately after the storm had subsided, M. Oudry caused the liquid copper to be poured off, in order to examine the vase, and to assure himself that the electric fluid had not deranged the deposit: he was extremely surprised to discover that the copper had been deposited on the tigers' heads in streaks or lines about the twenty-fifth of an inch in height, separated by equal intervals, and so happily arranged that they form a veritable tiger's skin, covered with hair, in as perfect a manner as if they had been produced by the hands of a skillful engraver. This curious effect of the electric fluid has accordingly been allowed to remain, and the result is a great addition to the expressive character of the work. The fountain is now erected, and a square garden round it, in imitation of those of London, and was inaugurated on the 13th instant, previous to the Emperor's *fête*. The successful completion of this, the largest work ever attempted by the electrotype process, will be followed by an application, by the same means, of a copper deposit on the fountains of the Place de la Concorde, and all the iron and bronze statues in the capital.

ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES.—Monday, Aug. 9, M. Lassie read a paper "On a New System of Aërostation." The aerial ship invented by him forms a long cylinder, at least ten times as long as it is broad, so that, supposing it to be thirty mètres in diameter, it must be 300 mètres long, terminated by two hemispheres, and furnished with helices, which extend the whole length, and give it externally the appearance of a screw. Its centre is occupied by a tunnel, 2.50 mètres in diameter, which traverses it from end to end, and whose solidity is maintained by proper framework. The centre of the tunnel is traversed by a hollow iron axis, which serves as a beam, to give rigidity to the structure; this beam is about thirty centimètres in diameter, and considerably exceeds the cylinder in length. The tunnel is divided into cabins, two mètres long, having each its hammock suspended from the central axis, serving instead of a car, and forming beds for the crew and passengers; each cabin is at the same time a treadmill, in which the crew or even the travellers walk in turns, so as to turn the cylinder, and so propel the machine, by the aid of the enormous helix. If the pitch of the screw is one in thirty, by marching one league in the tunnel the machine would, theoretically, be propelled thirty leagues. The two ends of the axis carry each a balloon of the same diameter as the cylinder, but flattened in shape and movable on the axis so as to form a rudder for steering the apparatus. The interval between the tunnel and the external envelope is occupied by the hydrogen gas which raises the machine. This space is divided by partitions into equal compartments. Each of these divisions contains a balloon-pocket, made of a light tissue and varnished with indian-rubber. These "pockets" communicate with each other, and also with the interior cabins by means of tubes furnished with cocks and valves, their object is to contain atmospheric air for the purpose of condensing the hydrogen gas, and so altering the specific gravity of the whole apparatus, the air being forced in by means of pneumatic pumps. The stability of the machine and the precautions necessary for the safety of the crew and passengers have received the careful consideration of M. Lassie, and it appears that by taking advantage of the different currents of air at different heights, the present invention is likely to go far towards the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

ARCHAEOLOGY.—Among the most interesting discoveries made by antiquarians of late years we may notice the Celtic structures, known by the name of *crannoges*, or "little wooden islands," which exist in considerable numbers in the lakes of Savoy, Switzerland, Scotland, and Ireland. At a recent meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Mr. Wilde gave an account of several of these

artificial island-fortresses found in the counties of Leitrim, Longford, and Antrim. The following description of a crannoge found in the parish of Craigs, in the county of Antrim, will give an idea of all these structures. In cutting a drain through the lake in which the island was situated, the workmen came upon several oak piles, from seventeen to twenty feet long, and from six to eight inches thick, driven into the bed of the lough, and projecting above this bed about five or six feet. The piles were twenty-six in number, and were arranged in a circle of about fifteen yards diameter. They were bound together at the top by horizontal oak beams, into which they were morticed, and secured in the mortice by stout wooden pegs. Above the top of these piles there was about three or four feet of earth, and it was only when this was removed that the wooden structure was discovered in its integrity. Wherever natural islands existed, the inhabitants took advantage of the fact, and contented themselves with driving in a stockade round it; but where this was not the case, they formed an island artificially by driving piles into the bed of the lake, the interior being invariably protected by a parapet or breastwork, which was sometimes formed of wicker-work, but generally of wood. There appear to have been two kinds of crannoges or *pfahlbauten* in Switzerland, one in which the artificial island was formed in shallow water at a distance from the shore, and only accessible by means of a boat. The other kind is that in which the fortress is connected with the shore by a piled gangway or pier. Herodotus describes the latter class of building erected by the people living on the borders of the Prasian lake. "In this lake strong piles are driven into the ground, over which planks are thrown, connected by a narrow bridge with the shore. These erections were in former times made at the public expense, but a clause afterwards passed obliging a man for every wife (and they allowed a plurality), to drive three of these piles into the ground, taken from a mountain called Orbelus. Upon these planks each man has his hut, from every one of which a trap-door opens into the water." Keller asserts that in the Helvetian *pfahlbauten* the dwelling-houses were circular, formed of wood, and thatched with reeds; such was probably the case in Ireland, and this would explain the expressions in the Annals which describe the "burning" of these "islands" by predatory chiefs or plundering Danes. Another peculiarity of the Irish crannoges is that of each having a common hearth, probably to lessen the chance of accidental burning, as a great number of persons usually resided in each of these stockades. The number of these fortresses is very considerable. Mr. Joseph Robertson, to whom Mr. Wilde acknowledges himself indebted for much valuable information, and who is engaged upon an essay on the subject, shows that upwards of thirty crannoges existed in the Scottish lakes. There are twenty-one in the county of Leitrim alone, and no less than forty-nine have been discovered in Ireland since the year 1840. The most remarkable fact connected with these discoveries is the extraordinary similarity of the structures themselves, but more especially the identity in form and use of the articles found therein, both warlike and those employed in the chase, as well as culinary and domestic implements. In the stockade of which a description is given above, the following articles were found from time to time: two iron swords, a small anvil, very bright and clean, a pair of scales and several hammers, several gold pins, metal dishes, small axe-heads, an iron cauldron, and a stone of a yellowish-white colour, about twelve inches long, three and a half broad, and two thick, beautifully polished, accurately squared at the sides, having a round hole about an inch and a-quarter deep and half an inch in diameter at each end, the top surface and one of the sides being covered with carved devices; besides these, about thirty yards from the island, a single-piece oak canoe was discovered. The remains of flint and stone

weapons and tools in the Swiss crannoges show that they were constructed by a people in a less advanced state than those who made the Irish crannoges, and that they were chronologically much anterior. Certainly the evidences derived from the antiquities found in ours, and which are chiefly of iron, refer them to a much later period than the Swiss, while we do not find any flint arrows or stone celts, and but very few bronze weapons. Moreover, we have positive documentary evidence of the occupation of these fortresses in the time of Elizabeth, and some even later. The subject of these crannoges suggests the question, How came they to be submerged, and consequently unnoticed for so many years? The discovery of several of these islands in Switzerland took place in the winter of 1853-4, which, having been unusually dry and cold, the lakes, deprived of their usual supply from the mountains, fell below the lowest level on record. In Ireland, the drainage of the lakes in the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon by the Board of Public Works has produced a similar result. In concluding his notice of these curious structures, Mr. Wilde said, "The philologists trace the spread of the Celts by letters, words, and certain grammatical forms of expression in inscriptions, or by glosses and by obsolete terms found in ancient writings; but have not as yet arrived at any very definite or precise conclusions, and certainly have established but few historical facts. There, however, in these crannoges, although we cannot tell whether the makers and original occupiers spoke Sanskrit or Celtic, we have presented to us demonstrative proof of their habits of life, skill in the arts, and domestic usages, preserved for hundreds of years in what Keller not inaptly terms their water towns. These vestiges of man's handiwork not only determine with greater precision the track and spread of this branch of the Indo-European family, but really afford us a tolerably good idea of their character and social condition."

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—At a meeting held on the 8th August, at Springfield, Massachusetts, Mr. W. P. Blake read a paper "On the Geology of the Rocky Mountain Chain in the vicinity of Santa Fé, New Mexico." After describing the metamorphic rocks which form the central axis of the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Blake proceeded to notice the carboniferous strata which overlie the western slope of that chain. A short distance south-east from Santa Fé, there is a quarry of fossiliferous limestone, which is of a very hard texture. A quarter of a mile to the east of this quarry the carboniferous strata are seen to rest at an angle of 40 degrees upon the upraised edges of the metamorphic slates. There is found an alternation of strata of sandstone, shells, and limestone, with bituminous layers, and at a short distance a bed of bituminous coal was discovered, which is from one to two feet thick. "About twenty-seven miles south-east of Santa Fé," says Mr. Blake, "on the flanks of the plaacer or gold mountains, there are workable beds of coal, and specimens which I procured are excellent anthracite. Several tons of it were taken a few years ago and carried to Santa Fé, but its characteristics, and the methods of igniting and burning it, not being understood, it was not liked. The quality is excellent, and it cannot but be very valuable in that region, where timber is so scarce. It is of especial importance to the country for its bearing upon the question as to the location of a railroad route to the Pacific. Here is, in all probability, an inexhaustible supply of the most appropriate fuel for locomotives. The strata with which this bed abounds are probably the prolongation of those of Santa Fé, but I did not have an opportunity of examining them closely. The mineral resources of the region are extensive and varied. Coal, iron, copper, lead, gold, and silver abound in quantity. The gold placers of New Mexico, so long known and worked with success, are probably connected with the recently discovered mines at Pike's Peak, on the headwaters of the Arkansas." Several other papers were read, after which the meeting separated.

FINE ARTS.

In speaking of the Art-Union prize pictures, we called attention to the small and continuously decreasing proportion of the annual revenue set aside for prizes, and especially for the purchase of pictures. Since then the subject has been followed up by others, and a body of painters have been proposing to memorialise the council, with a view to induce them to increase the amount expended on pictures by reducing the sum set apart for bronze and parian statuettes. But to do this would be a great mistake. What is wanted is, not a lessening of the small amount of encouragement given to sculpture, but a general extension of the available fund by the exercise of more rigid economy in the cost of management, and a smaller outlay on the engravings. Even for popularity, so large and costly a plate as that of the past year, and one so difficult to work in large numbers, is not required. If the subscribers received a plate of moderate size, but of high character, they would be satisfied, were the chances of obtaining a prize proportionally increased. If possible, the prizes should be of a higher value, and perhaps a little more flexibility might be allowed in their selection, but in any case there should be more prizes.

A private view of the annual exhibition of The Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, will take place on Saturday next, and the exhibition will be opened to the public on Monday, Sept. 5, at the Queen's Hall, Bold Street. The exhibition promises to be one of more than ordinary interest. In addition to the works of local artists, and contributions from the metropolis, there will be several pictures by painters from the Dusseldorf and other German schools, and by French, Belgian, and other continental artists, as well as by Spence of Rome, and other English painters, whose works are seldom seen in provincial exhibitions. The Society itself merits well of the townsmen, and we cannot but hope that, supported by such an array of foreign talent, its exhibition will be in every sense successful.

SALE OF LORD NORTHWICK'S PICTURES.

FRIDAY, the eighteenth day, brought to a close, so far as the works of art are concerned, this very remarkable sale: the four remaining days will be devoted chiefly to furniture and household fittings. The entire proceeds of these eighteen days (the number of lots being 1881) was 95,725*l.*, a sum, it is said, by far the largest ever obtained by a sale of pictures in this country. The prices, however, which the works of the "Old Masters" brought were, as we have already mentioned, certainly less than was anticipated, except in some rare instances. On the other hand many of the English pictures were sold for sums higher than the most sanguine could have thought probable. The result should serve as a lesson to picture buyers. Works with the greatest names attached, even when guaranteed by the seal of famous galleries, may be spurious; or, if themselves genuine, have fictitious names attached. Like race-horses, old pictures can seldom be safely purchased, unless they have not only an impeccable pedigree, but can be warranted by a competent judge to be free from the "doctoring" of dealers. Lord Northwick's old pictures were not free from taint. In early life, he bought from love of art; later, he had more of the passion of the *virtuoso*, and was led away more easily by names. In his purchases of English pictures, there was less room for mistake. He bought almost entirely the works of men of established, or of evidently rising reputation, and he bought them of the painters themselves; or of those who was able to refer him to the painters, if there were any doubt as to the authenticity of the work. Hence, as we have seen, while many a so-called Raffaele, Giorgione, or Rubens, has suffered eclipse, the Macises, Leslies, and Nasmyths have come out triumphantly from the ordeal. But after every abatement has been made, it was a magnificent collection to have been formed by a single man; and the sale will long remain a sort

of landmark in the history of the formation and dispersion of English art-galleries. Henceforth, we suppose, the splendid saloons of Thirlstane House will remain desolate, until they too are submitted to the auctioneer's hammer, and, like the collection they contained, are torn to fragments and dispersed. Such another collection is not likely to be got together, and the rooms are hardly fit for any other purpose than a picture gallery.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART:
ANNUAL REPORT.

LAST week we gave an outline of so much of the annual report of the Department of Science and Art, as relates to the scientific section of its proceedings; we now propose to give a similar abstract of the Art section.

The department carries on its work by means of schools and museums. At South Kensington, the seat of the general management, there is a Central School which is intended to serve at once as a Training School for Art masters and mistresses, and as a centre of Art-education. Nothing is said in this report of the mode of instruction adopted there, but it is stated that there has been a continuous and "satisfactory" increase in all the classes; the number of pupils in 1858 was 438, being an increase of nearly 100 over the previous year. The efficiency of the school "in regard to the country generally, is steadily increasing, both in the more advanced training of the students, and in the facilities afforded to masters already appointed to provincial schools." There are in the metropolis 9 District Schools, with an average of 810 scholars; and in 62 public schools for the poor, 9182 children were in the course of the year taught drawing by the masters in training at the Central School. A commencement has also been made to introduce the Art-teaching of the Central School into the middle-class schools of London. But according to the report of the head-master, while the Central school is "thus developing its primary purpose as a training school, its collateral object as a school of ornamental art has not been lost sight of. Several manufacturers and others have offered prizes for original designs for various objects, which have been very successfully competed for in the school." The works being executed by pupils for the new Houses of Parliament have been carried on throughout the year, and are approaching completion "to the entire satisfaction of the Royal Commission of Fine Arts."

Several new Local Schools of Art have during the year been opened in provincial towns. The total number of such schools of art is now 78; the total number of pupils attending the central local schools (exclusive of those in London) was 10,784 in 1858; the entire number taught in public schools was 40,773; the largest number taught in a single provincial town being 3780 in Manchester, the next 2813 in Bristol. The most fully attended central schools, however, appear to be those of Dudley, 856, Glasgow, 839, and Birmingham, 820. "The system of the national competition continues to flourish. In the year 1858, 75 national memorials were awarded throughout 36 of the schools of art." The exertions of masters are further stimulated by a payment of 3*s.* on each child from a poor school who may take a reward, and an additional payment of 2*s.* for every drawing exercise of such a child, which upon examination is marked "fair;" the payments last year on these two heads amounted respectively to 247*l.* and 47*l.* Brief abstract reports are given of each of the local schools, but being confined to the number of scholars, amounts of fees, and awards of prizes, it is not possible to draw from them any conclusions as to the character of the teaching, and its bearing on the employments of the particular locality.

Of the South Kensington Museum it is stated that its attractiveness has been fully maintained. The monthly average of visitors has been 38,000; the total attendance of visitors during 1858 was 456,288, of whom 409,206 have attended on free days, and 47,082 on students' days. It is a note-

worthy fact, that of these visitors "219,016 persons, chiefly of the operative class, have attended in the evenings, apparently enjoying that privilege very much." The commissioners say very truly that these numbers "prove the eagerness of the public to avail themselves of the opportunities which the Museum affords for instruction in its several divisions;" and they are justified in adding that "they prove also the accessibility of South Kensington," but hardly in asserting that these "results have proved conclusively that the distance from town is no impediment to the usefulness and attraction of the Museum." The results are rather a proof that the usefulness and attraction of the Museum induce large numbers of persons to visit it in spite of the distance. That the numbers would be far larger if the distance were less, there can be little doubt in the mind of any one who may inquire of his acquaintances, of whatever class or calling they may be, respecting their visits to South Kensington. It would be enough were the commissioners to point, as they may well do with pride, to the large number of visitors to the Museum, as a proof of the public appreciation of its excellence, without adding any gratuitous assertions respecting the convenience of its site; and it is quite time that they left off repeating, whenever they print the number of visitors at South Kensington, the number who visited the Museum when it was at Marlborough House. Nothing can be more fallacious than such a comparison. When at Marlborough House it was a mere nucleus of a collection—a thing of odds and ends, possessing little more interest than the inside of a Wardour Street old furniture shop—and not only was it arranged in small, dark, and inconvenient rooms, but its very existence was unknown or forgotten by half those who entered the building, and scarce ever heard of by any one else. Whereas now it is in a spacious and well-lighted structure, consists of a series of several collections, each of which is in a certain sense an exhibition in itself; and everything possible has been done to draw public attention to it, and to render it available to, and enjoyable by, the public: yet, after all, there were, in 1858, nearly 100,000 (97,478) less visitors to the Museum at South Kensington than to the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square, though almost half the visitors to the former went in the evenings, when the latter was closed. Surely, remembering what the two exhibitions are and the circumstances connected with each, it is going too far to say that it is "proved conclusively that the distance from town is no impediment to the usefulness and attractiveness" of the South Kensington Museum.

In speaking of the several collections in the Museum, we may begin with the British Fine Art Collections. The oil paintings consist of Mr. Sheepshanks's noble gift. The principal duties connected with these have been the watching narrowly "the action of the atmosphere from the effects of lighting the galleries by gas, and from the crowds of persons who have visited the pictures. It is satisfactory to be able to state that, after careful inspection, they have suffered no perceptible change from these or any other causes." But, for greater security, the rail has been removed a little farther from the pictures; and the mode of heating the rooms has been changed from hot air to hot water. "The collection of Water Colour Drawings, commenced by Mr. Sheepshanks's gift, and by purchases sanctioned previously to opening the galleries, has been strengthened by the addition of some few works of the earliest followers of this art. With a view to explain their works, a new edition of the Catalogue has been prepared, and a special introduction added on this subject. Thus a commencement has been formed for an historical collection of this truly British art; such works are now easily obtainable, but, if neglected for a few years, might be hopelessly sought for when the formation of a gallery of water-colour paintings may be considered of national importance." This is very true, but a gallery of British water-colour drawings ought to be a part of the National Gallery, and not a mere adjunct to a museum of ornamental art. The

collection of modern sculpture, chiefly of the British school, has been re-arranged, and its interest increased by the temporary loan of several important statues in marble. A Collection of Illustrations of the British School of Engraving has also been commenced.

The Collection of Ornamental Art is that in which most has been done. The collection has been re-arranged, labelled on an improved system, and opened to public view, since April, and a new and complete inventory prepared. The collection is now a very rich and exceedingly interesting one, and does great honour to everyone concerned in bringing it to its present state. The indefatigable keeper and curator, Mr. Robinson, thus reports on the acquisitions made during the past year,—and the statement will well illustrate the way in which treasures of rare worth are being accumulated at South Kensington :

"The collection, as in previous years, has been increased by acquisitions in almost every category, and the gradual accumulation of specimens has, in many cases, allowed of the formation of special series. One of the most interesting of these series is that of Mediæval and Renaissance sculpture, which now comprises upwards of sixty specimens, mainly of Italian sculpture, in marble and terra-cotta. Amongst the most important acquisitions during the year may be specified a "Lavello," or domestic fountain, in Istrian marble, upwards of twelve feet high, of early sixteenth century work, brought from a palace in Venice, and a large stone chimney-piece sculptured in the vigorous and beautiful style of the cinque cento, from the ancient palace of the Rusconi family at Como; these important architectonic monuments have been re-erected in the new galleries; also a triptych in thirteenth century Champvê German enamel, from the Alton Towers Collection, and an ivory shrine or polyptych of the fourteenth century, both works of great value and interest."

The loans to the Museum have increased in number during the year, and the four large cases appropriated to their exhibition have been filled with a succession of such contributions. Among the contributors have been Her Majesty, who has lent the various objects of Siamese workmanship presented to her by the King of Siam, &c.; the Marquis of Salisbury, who lent a series of cinque cento Spanish or Italian crystal vases, mounted in enamelled gold, and a pair of silk-stockings presented to Queen Elizabeth by Lord Hunsdon, &c.; the Earl of Ellesmere a collection of drawings and sketches by the Caracci, and portions of antique fresco paintings from the ancient baths and tombs of Rome; the Governors of Bethlehem Hospital lent Cibber's statues of Melancholy and Raving Madness; and various other articles of interest were contributed by other private individuals or public bodies. The list of gifts to the Museum is headed by that of ten statuettes and an ewer in Berlin porcelain by the Prince Consort. Lord Ravensworth gave two large models of St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's, London; Lord Palmerston a Siamese gold-mounted sword.

A collection has been formed of duplicate articles, &c., selected from the Museum of Ornamental Art, for the purpose of lending to the various large provincial schools in succession, for study and exhibition. This year the Museum has been sent to Ireland, and the result is thus stated in Mr. Robinson's report, "The Circulating Museum Collection has, during the year, visited six towns, and it may be noticed that a great increase in the average number of visitors shown by the year's return has taken place. In Ireland especially the number has been large, nearly 100,000 persons having visited the collection in the five Irish towns where it has been shown. It has now been in circulation during four years, has visited in all twenty-two localities, and the total number of visitors down to the end of the year 1858 has been 238,882. In a short time it will be necessary to revise the collection, and to substitute another and more extensive series of specimens." But besides this collection various collections of objects have been lent to art-schools at Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, and Notting-

ham, where they have been exhibited in connection with local collections, while twenty other places have received loans of less extent or value.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—We believe we may contradict the rumour that Miss Louisa Pyne will play *Dinorah*, in the opera of that name, which is to inaugurate the English Opera season at Covent Garden. Miss Pyne, we believe, does not find the character sufficiently dramatic for her talents. However, it is certain that *Dinorah* will be the first opera produced; and it is equally satisfactory to know that Mr. Harrison himself will play *Corentino*. Why do not Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison attempt one or two such operas as *Miss Fawcette*, and *Bon soir, Signor Pandoloni*?

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*The Critic* was revived here on Monday, and a most fortunate reproduction it proved to be—of course Mr. Mathews was the life of the piece, playing first *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, and then the undying *Mr. Puff*. *The Critic* has seen some changes since it first appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, when it was a "dramatic piece in three acts." We have only one act in the present day, all the good things in the original being retained, and the many bad ones left out. The number of characters, too, in the original play are infinite—for instance, there are the Italian singers, who do not appear at all in these modern days, and especially Father Thames is "out," he who in the original appears on the scene to give effect to the river fight, and who is attended by two figures representing the two green banks of the Thames, and who outrage the proprieties by both standing on one side of the river. Then we have no prologue by the Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick; he is as much vanished from the scene as Mr. Bannister, jun., the first *Whiskerandos*, and Mr. Farren, the first *Lord Leicester*. Why, there are eighteen characters in the play alone as Sheridan wrote it—the author himself has suffered from "cutting," as did also *Mr. Puff*. Again, a good many stage directions are left out, and others inserted. *Mr. Dangle* certainly did not burst into tears on Monday night over the farce *Mr. Smeer* brought him, and Mr. Compton created great laughter as *Don Whiskerandos*, swallowing half that Spaniard's moustache after many efforts. *The Critic* is a burlesque which every generation and half-generation since its birth have thought fit to slash, add to, and take from. Our readers all know the points that are made out of the misreading of *Mr. Puff's* blank verse; there is not one direction for these in the original, and it must be interesting to an etymologist to mark those that are made and their associations. For instance, when *Raleigh* talks of "cemetery" instead of "symmetry," the modern London audience take the joke, which would never have happened in the good old intra-mural times, while the joke upon "sloop of war," which *Sir Christopher Hutton* makes "saloop of war," fell perfectly flat upon the audience, who, as a body, were fortunately ignorant of "saloop." Nor is there any direction to read one of the lines, "We'll fall in glory's whack," instead of wake. The spur business, again, is an ignored point in Sheridan's copy; nor do we find any reference to Ethiopian serenaders, touching whom a good joke is got at the expense of *Mr. Puff* and his friends as they sit on the stage. The great original culminates with a procession of English rivers to Handel's music, but this of course we lost at the Haymarket, though we were fully compensated by Mr. Mathews' brisk acting. The whole of the characters were very well filled, and the applause of the audience was frequent and boisterous. *The Happiest Day of my Life*, one of Mr. Buckstone's happiest little comedies, has been revived at this theatre during the week. Mr. Gilman, as the newly-made husband suffering from jealousy, his wife, and a mother-in-law,

was capital; while Mrs. Wilkins, as that same mother-in-law, proved herself "broad and effective," as Mr. C. Mathews says of her when playing *Mr. Puff*. Mrs. Buckingham White, as the wife, was really admirable. It is impossible to conclude our notice of this theatre without mentioning the immense hold *The Contested Election* has gained upon the public.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Is it a proof of very good, or very execrable taste on the part of the British public, that they applaud the burlesque *Norma*, which Mr. Paul Bedford has made his own? Here is a character of extreme grandeur, whose sufferings are peculiarly understood by an English public; the tale is told in the course of the most touching music ever conceived: even the character, the tale, and the score are travestied to all possible limits before a public who wildly applaud and give no evidence of outraged association. For our parts we believe this apparent callousness is no evidence of want of feeling—the burlesque is the burlesque, and the opera is the opera, and they have little or no connection; each is considered apart from the other, and each applauded. The burlesque was reproduced on the occasion of Mr. Paul Bedford's benefit on Wednesday.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The generous enthusiasm of the English is never better shown than on an especial occasion at some favourite theatre. This national characteristic was largely brought out on the occasion of Mr. Robson's closing night on Friday last. It is not necessary to give his address at full length; but at every full stop it contained Mr. Robson was applauded, whether the "sentiment" expressed was good, bad, or indifferent. The opening of this harangue was decidedly its cream. Said Mr. Robson:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—A certain provincial manager, who could have advanced much more solid claims to the esteem of the public, was accustomed at the end of each successive season to amuse his patrons with a confession of the losses he had sustained. How he threw so well in spite of such unmitigated adversity, his friends could never clearly understand, yet that he did thrive, no one could doubt for a moment. Season after season was absolutely ruinous; nevertheless the worthy manager always paid his way, and retired with a handsome competence at last. We shall not follow the example of our provincial friend in asking you for your condolence. In the first place, though we do not object to an occasional intermingling of smiles and tears, the decidedly serious is not altogether our style, and we venture to surmise that with your well-known love of the pathetic you would be rather astonished than pleased if we took leave of you with extremely long faces."

The house will re-open on the 24th of September, to which time we trust Mr. Robson will enjoy a positive holiday, and not work himself to death by a provincial tour. Too much work is lighting your candle at both ends.

BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Up to the time of our going to press this festival has been a great success, as might have been anticipated from the arrangement, that the band should be entirely composed of the members of the Royal Italian Opera orchestra, and that the chorus should be exclusively made up of the fresh and brilliant voices of the provincial societies. When it is added that the entire musical direction has been placed in M. Costa's hands, and that the selection of principals included Mesdames C. Novello, Lemmens Sherrington, and Didié, and Mdlle. Tietjens; Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Belletti, and Mr. Santley; it would have been impossible that any other result than a great musical triumph should have been obtained. We however defer our critical notices of the different performances to next week.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Shall we sing many peans now that Vauxhall has surely past away, or shall we rend our broadcloth, smack our hands dolefully, and cry "Eheu—ehén!" at this melancholy termination of the Thames Elysium? Many and many a time have we read the announcement, "Last night at Vauxhall"—read doubtfully, even contumeliously; for the

garish entertainment has been succeeded by a mouldy interregnum, only to be followed by another "last night," and even the other evening, though we read "Farewell for ever" in coloured lights on the royal property, many of the Vauxhall denizens about us prophesied that the "Gardens" would be open for many a season to come. Alas, on Monday,—a black Monday indeed in the annals of the acres erst lit up by the 10,000 additional lamps,—the whole of the disreputable place fell down irrevocably flat before an auctioneer's hammer. Hard did the expatiating "Robins" strive to dignify the "lots" with historical association, warmly did he dilate on hopeless tables and canvas works of horrid art—it was daylight, the Judaic audience were ruffianly, and the echoes of Vauxhall were forced to reiterate derisive shouts in Whitechapel English, and satire not savoury with attic salt. Pass by the "little lots," let us come to that gorgeous edifice which took our breath away in childhood, the florid orchestra—superb pile, illimitable magnificence!—with all its illuminating jewels lost for ever, bare, wiry, melancholy, slow. A Jew depreciated it by an offer of 25*l.*—25*l.* for that centre of Arabianism, to dream of which was one of our school delights! But it fell not thus so low. The price rose to 99*l.* (Fate refused the other 20*l.*), and at that sum the Vauxhall orchestra was annihilated, for if it be raised in any other spot, it will rather stand as a pulpit than an orchestra. The monstrosity platform, which has rebounded to so many rapid feet for so long a time, fell for 53*l.* As we write, the "lots" are being cleared off. Yet a few months, and perchance a kitchen-sink shall usurp the very centre of the spot whereon the cockle-shell orchestra stood, the cynosure of thousands of admiring eyes, glittering in the oily constellations of the quivering lamps.

SURREY GARDENS.—We hear that Mr. Simpson has purchased the remaining eleven years which the lease of this place of amusement has to run, for the sum of 3,000*l.*, in order to convert the gardens into a *jardin d'hiver*, the chief feature of which will be skating on the lake.

PARISIAN BOHEMIANISM.—We have heard a strange tale, which comes from Paris; and at the very outset we beg to withdraw ourselves from any responsibility as to its truth or falsity—we hear this story, we repeat it, and that is all. Two or three years back a young Frenchman came up to Paris *pour faire son droit*, took madly to the stage, and became a literary Bohemian. We need not say that he experienced some check upon his enthusiasm by the perpetual refusal of his pieces at the various theatres. Suddenly, however, he made money, and plenty of it (for a Bohemian), and no one could tell how; for though he wrote a good deal and was perpetually studying the new pieces, no result appeared upon any Parisian stage whatever. It is said that the funds came from this side the Channel, from a dramatist of standing, and who, desirous of "original pieces, never acted before," accepted an engagement with the Frenchman to purchase his manuscripts—hence the London critics have been balked, and the French Bohemian is satisfied; the English dramatist is victorious, and the London public content.

ANOTHER FRENCH ROMANCE.—Whenever a French dramatic critic is at a loss for copy, he generally draws upon his imagination; but the Paris theatrical *on dit* of this moment seems to have some truth in it. A young lady, the daughter of the responsible editor of the *Charivari*, and aged seventeen, came out some time back at the Palais Royal, and with but little dramatic success. However, a wealthy Moldavian (in these cases the moneyed party is always a foreigner) saw her, and remarked how like she was to his dead wife. *Ergo*, he has married Mdlle. Panier; and with himself has presented to that fortunate young lady upwards of 2000*l.* a year. What an interest will from this time attach to all the *jeunes premières* who come out at the Palais Royal. These young ladies will be paid in suggestions—"Think of your chance," the manager

will say; and the young actresses will strive accordingly.

Speaking of the editor of the *Charivari* reminds us that his journal has said a good thing. It will be remembered that a few weeks back we stated that an English clergyman had offered two rewards, each of 50*l.*, for a couple of essays on the best mode of continuing a good understanding between France and England—one to be written in English, the second in French. The *Charivari* offers an essay of less than two lines: "*Le meilleur moyen pour que l'Angleterre et la France s'entendent, est de se parler moins haut.*"

The subscriptions at present received for the *Keen* Testimonial amount to nearly 1,100*l.*

MISCELLANEA.

A LITERARY EXAMINATION IN CHINA.—The *North China Herald* draws a picture of a literary examination in China in Kwan-shan, the chief city of the prefecture of Soo-chow. "Upwards of 10,000 competitors had assembled, who had already passed the 'little go,' and were about to compete for *sew-tsae*, the first or lowest degree. Sum Paon-Yuen, Imperial Commissioner, Vice-President of the Board of Revenue, and a mandarin of the second rank, presided. Before sunrise the aspiring *sew-tsae*s had collected in the hall, and received their themes, assigned without any indication of the works from which they were extracted. The whole continued from 22nd March to 5th April. After three years, the successful candidates go up for the second degree in one of the eighteen provincial cities, and after three more years for the third degree in Peking."

THE MILITARY MOUSTACHE.—An order has been made at Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight, to the effect that private John Selzman, having shaved his upper lip contrary to orders, shall be confined to barracks until his moustache grows again.

IMPORTANT SALE.—Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson will offer a quantity of splendid books for sale on Monday. They comprise the libraries of the late Venerable Archdeacon Williams, the late George Gardner, Esq., and a portion of the library of an eminent antiquary.

STRUCTURE OF PLANTS.—One of the earliest fruits of the application of the convex lens to the examination of minute bodies, was the discovery of the structure of wood fibre, and the arrangement of the minute vessels in which the sap of plants circulates. Anxious to ascertain whether or no these microscopic vessels intercommunicated with each other, Professor Faraday took a stick of considerable length, and having varnished one end, he cut his name through the varnish, and forced a coloured injection into the pores of the wood; when, after some time, the name appeared at the other end, nearly in the same relative position as that in which it had entered, thereby proving that the sap vessels are completely separate from one another.

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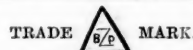
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